PAUL FLANDERS
DRAWER Z

6-40

SAYS THE EDITOR

CARMEL CYMBAL

Vol. 13 • No. 3 | CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • JULY 19, 1940 | FIVE CENTS

This Is Spot News! A Story of Faith; A Testimony by Good Works

OUR PROPHECY

In February of this year and again two months ago we said that at the Democratic convention Franklin Delano Roosevelt would be nominated by acclamation and on November 5 would be re-elected President of the United States by a popular vote as great, if not greater, than he received four years ago. We glibly accept the verity of the first part of the statement and as glibly re-state the second part.

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"I FIND NO FAULT WITH THIS MAN"

We are told that 12 women, at various times during the past month, have complained to the police about the permitted presence in town of Eiler Larsen, the effervescent angel who greets those he knows with lusty acclaim and widely smiles on all others who are willing to catch his eye. We understand that Larsen "frightens" these women. Frightens them with what? With his salute of vigorous friendliness, with his smile, with his wide stride up and down our streets? They say that you don't have to be crazy to live in Carmel, but it helps. Perhaps these 12 women need a little of this saving insanity.

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ARGYLL AT WORK AGAIN

This business of the removal of Kal Sapero as deputy district attorney for the Monterey Peninsula district disturbs us considerably. And it is not alone the removal of Sapero by District Attorney Brazil that causes this mental turmoil; it's the announcement that Gordon Campbell is to be appointed in his place.

Argyll Campbell appears to be going places again. He gets rebuffs, but he keeps sawing political wood. The Democratic state organization slapped him not so long ago and then the post office department did him a little dirt some few weeks later, but he's still sawing and the woodpile cords up. It's too bad that there should have to be some of Kal Sapero's blood on these most recent sticks.

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KIT WHITMAN'S INSTITUTE TRIBUTE TO CARMEL

There have been numerous tributes to Kit Whitman as a lovely woman, as a fascinating person, as a dynamic individual who, without sacrificing that priceless sweetness of a feminine human being, has ideas, moulds them, gets them started into action and sees them through.

They have all been well deserved. Her Carmel Art Institute is not the first, but because of its size and, yes, shape, it has become the most important. People here have talked about it long; people elsewhere are beginning to talk about it at length. And most of the encomiums that are being heaped upon it and upon the remarkable woman who started it are unsolicited, gratuitous paeans.

In the July issue of *Art Digest* appears such an one. It has the simple title "Carmel-by-the-Sea" and it is devoted solely to the Carmel Art Institute as "one of the West Coast's leading schools." When you stop to consider that the Carmel Art Institute, conceived and started and nurtured by Kit Whit-

(Continued on Page Two)

Alma Lowry Williams, Cymbal's Music Critic, Is Distinguished Lecturer

ALMA LOWRY WILLIAMS

When we dropped into her classroom on a hot day in San Jose and asked Miss Williams if she would be so very kind as to do the music criticism of the Festival for us, we had no notion—and neither did she—that our criticism would be written by the distinguished lecturer she has proven herself to be this week. Miss Williams' lectures have been all that such things should be and much more than they usually are. As they unfold to you a quality of artistry becomes evident in them that the formal lecturer has little of. It is the richness of her knowledge and experience lighting up a stodgy fact or bringing into bright relief a highly meaningful one. She makes a sauce of musicology and Bach, with a dash of the spice of teaching appreciation of music to the young and earnest thrown in, and then you've got something to tickle the most diverse palates.

In many ways, Miss Williams has made herself invaluable to the Festival, as she now adds lustre and delight to THE CYMBAL. And the authority of a first-rate musician.

Tax Rate Is $1.63, But Wait a Minute—It Will Cover a Two-Year Period

It didn't take the city council long Wednesday afternoon to do what it had to do, but glancing casually at the result you might say that it is one of utter confusion.

It has to do with that most important matter to citizens and property owners of a municipality—taxes.

The council adopted a working budget and fixed the tax rate at $1.63.

But don't be alarmed. That covers more than a year and you will be permitted to pay it in two insallments; 82 cents this coming October, delinquent November 5, and 81 cents due January 1 next year and delinquent May 5.

As a matter of fact, instead of what appears to be an increased tax, the taxpayers will actually pay less in taxes for the years 1940-41 than the previous rate of $1.25.

It's like this:

The just previous council and City Attorney William L. Hudson discovered that Carmel was actually some nine months ahead of itself in the matter of tax collections; (An aside from Winsor Josselyn: "A lot of things can happen in nine months.") that it had been collecting taxes each October for expenses beginning back at the previous January. But it also discovered that it had enough money each year to run it up to the time of the collection of the annual taxes.

So, to straighten itself out and to accede to the reiterated suggestion of E. A. H. Watson and others that semi-annual tax payments be permitted instead of annual payments each year just before the Christmas holidays, the council decided to levy the 1940-41 tax in a sum that would handle the expenses from October 1 clear through next year to December 31. But it would do this at the regular tax rate of $1 for the general fund and 25 cents for bond interest and redemption.

So, based on a $1.25 rate, the taxpayers will pay for the two years 1940-41 a tax of $1.63, but split into two payments of 82 cents and

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AGAINST HEAVIER ODDS THE BACH FESTIVAL OF 1940 SURPASSES IN SUBLIMITY THOSE OF THE PAST

By LYNDA SARGENT

This is supposed to be a news story. It is a story of good works, and a story of faith. I hold that there are times in human biography when faith is spot news. These first three days of the sixth annual Bach Festival of Carmel have so proven.

For the days on the calendar are difficult and hazardous. Balance in human affairs has been jeopardized and piety overthrown. Even in the minute-by-minute processes of working up this year's Festival, these hard facts have been forever present. It was infinitely more strenuous a job in 1940 than in 1939, not only to implement the thousand practical details that go into the making of an enterprise as big as this, but to fight each step the slackening morale of the man on the street. Today we swim upstream against mighty currents and it is no wonder that some go down. A man who keeps his head above water deserves credit. When one emerges on the opposite shore, still strong and confident, then he may be praised without stinting. It is already true, even in this remote part of America, that he cannot do so with his muscles alone.

The quality you heard in the singing of the Christmas Oratorio on Monday night, that made one musician of good account vote this "a flawless performance," was the end result of something we might just as well call prayer. Prayer is the unconscious call of the outward man on the great secret resources of the inward. It is faith.

The unceasing labor of Signor Usigli has at last come to light. After three years of impassioned effort and unyielding standards, the Monday night audience sat without moving a fingertip and saw the man shine out in purity of tone, in a beauty of ensemble that lifted him and his chorus and orchestra into the realm of the miraculous. Vested in white, behind a black-gowned orchestra, the chorus was no longer a group of local men and women, of boys we see on the street every day, but a strangely impersonalized energy, projecting the utterances of angels and shepherds into the thin mathematical air of sound. If any group of men and women has ever made a paragraph in the history of the arts about Carmel, California, it is this orchestra and this chorus.

We have heard many concerts of music here and abroad, but never one to excel the Tuesday night performance. With Madame Ehlers, Margaret Downey, Luigi Silva and Eunice Wennermark on the list, an evening of distinguished music was assured. An eager and sophisti-

(Continued on Page Eleven)

FESTIVAL CONCERTS STILL TO COME

This afternoon at 3 o'clock, and again at 4:

Organ Recital in All Saints' Church. Organist: Dr. Frank W. Asper.

Saturday concert at 8:30, Sunset School Auditorium. Brandenburg Concerto No. III, Aria by Marco Sorisio, Partita in B flat major for piano—Reah Sadowski, Concerto in C major for three pianos—Sadowski, Linsley and Erlendson, "Phoebus and Pan" Cantata.

Sunday at 4 and at 8, the B minor Mass, in the Carmel Mission. The 8 o'clock concert will be broadcast. Please be on time, as no one will be admitted after the broadcast has begun.

Macbeth Struts at Forest Theater July 27

Shakespeare, and all the great Elizabethan playwrights of that virile age, have for 300 years or more mouldered in their graves, and yet the greatest of these lives on with unabated vigor. Carmel bears ambitious testimony to this fact in the form of a Shakespeare Festival which will make its first appearance on the stage of the Forest Theater on the night of July 27.

"Macbeth" has been chosen to open the festival, playing three successive nights. On August 1, the first of the three performances of ever-popular "Twelfth Night" will take place.

The cast for both plays has been carefully chosen by Herbert Heron, director in charge, and the talent represents a cross-section of the dramatic material in the community. Some of the faces you will see on the stage will be new to you, but many of them have been active in local productions for several seasons. Among the newcomers we welcome to our local dramatic menage, and players from whom we expect much, are Robert Cochran and his wife, Florence Lockwood, who both have had professional experience on the legitimate stage. Cochran essays an important role in both plays, as does his wife.

Flavia Flavin, Herbert Heron and Noel Sullivan head the list of no-

(Continued on Page Two)

ALFRED FRANKENSTEIN LECTURES SATURDAY

Alfred Frankenstein, music critic of the San Francisco Chronicle, will be here tomorrow morning to deliver the last of this year's lectures. Mr. Frankenstein will talk in the Sunset Auditorium at 11 o'clock.

man, is little more than two years old, you can more easily understand the first sentence in this editorial bit.

And how more to be relished is this sort of advertising of Carmel than that silly tripe that is sent out as fillers for news services by their thin-brained representatives over in Monterey. —W. K. B.

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Macbeth Struts at Forest Theater July 27

(Continued from Page One)

table performers whose talents are already known to us. Miss Flavin strikes a new note of emotional depth in her valid interpretation of the power-crazed wife of *Macbeth*, and Mr. Sullivan gives a very real impression of noble bearing in the tragic role of *King Duncan*. Mr. Heron probably never has found a more compatible part than that of *Macbeth*, and that covers a great period of time, as this Shakespeare idolator has been active on the Forest Theater stage for three decades. His interpretations in the title role of this grizzly play of misspent passion will be viewed with interest by Carmel theater-goers, who have associated the name of Heron with a tradition of dramatic excellence.

One of the best living experts on out-of-door lighting has kindly consented to take charge of this phase of production for the whole festival. He is Vincent Duffy, and his fame derives chiefly from the long series of successful shows he has staged in the Bohemian Grove.

Of especial interest to the community is the announcement made recently by director Heron, that all profits realized from the festival will be turned over to the Forest Theater to help defray the expenses of installing a permanent lighting system.

This is a truly community venture, and the low price of admission is ample proof of the desire of the management to provide a price not in excess of the average man's pocketbook, and entertainment well beyond his usual reach.

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"Port of Shadows" At Playhouse

"Port of Shadows" is at the Playhouse tonight and tomorrow. This film, "a moving blend of violence and sweetness," is the winner of six international awards. The New York *Herald Tribune* describes it as "a screen experience not easily forgotten . . a notable film full of abiding beauty." It is NOT recommended for children.

With laughter and song, breathtaking costumes and beautifully fantastic scenery, the technicolor film of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Mikado" frolics into the Playhouse for Sunday and Monday. Kenny Baker is a delightful *Nanki-Poo*; Jean Colin a fascinating *Yum-Yum* and Martyn Green a lovable *Ko-Ko*. The D'Oyly Carte Chorus and the London Symphony orchestra bring to the screen all of the enchantment of this old favorite.

Tuesday and Wednesday, July 23 and 24, will have a four-star mystery thriller, "The Lady Vanishes," directed by Alfred Hitchcock who directed "The 39 Steps" and "Jamaica Inn." Included in the cast are Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas and Dame May Whitty. This superb film entertainment combines a first rank spy yarn with plausibility.

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Miss Pauline Meeks is now on the staff of Helene Vye's dress shop.

THANE OF THE FOREST THEATER
Or Maybe She Shouldn't Ha' Done It

Some poachers had built a fire in a grove in the forest of Dusinane, and its faint glow, screened by the rocks of the cavern in which it was burning, threw up into the pines of Birnam wood, a most eerie waft of shadow, so that the tall bodies of them seemed to grow straight up out of the witches' pot, to have roots in the fillet of a fenny snake, in eye of newt and toe of frog, in swelter'd venom, sleeping got.

In deepest shade the walls of the castle lay, a drunked porter at its gate and the moon under dis-eased cloud; cloud no less deprived of rest and conscienceness than two who trod the marble floors within and watched their hands grow red and could not wash it off . . .

Come to my woman's breasts
And take my milk for gall, you murdering ministers . . .
Come, thick night
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell . . .

A slender, tall woman had come out from behind the right wings of the Forest Theater stage, at least, made tall by the rich long tones of her voice and her impeccable carriage—Lady Macbeth. The witches left their chauldron and the poachers their fire and there wasn't any further gabbling at rehearsal while Flavia went through her scene. Hell, she said in effect to Bert, who had come out of somebody's bedroom dripping the ruddy blood of a king, having apparently not been able to stick him cleanly in one or two vital spots but had hacked him all over with brainsickly small gashes. Go get some water and wash the filthy stuff from your hands. God, do you call yourself a man, standing there shifting from one foot to another. Give me those dirty knives. I'll plant 'em somewhere. To me the sleeping and the dead are all alike. Give me a man with . . . now run along. If you keep on jabbering about seas incarnadine, I'll murder you for a stinking poetaster and take that equivocating drunkard there for thane into my bed. Somebody's knocking on the south door. Go to bed. My hands are just as foul as yours but my viscera are all in quite good order, my pet.

By the way, shouted Bert, don't bring your dog to the performance. The trees of Birnam Wood . . . well, anyway, they disregard their cues.

Milton Stitt stood on a donjon keep working up a souse for the *knock, knock, knock* affair, equivocating himself, but Bert has cut some of that.

Where hast thou been, sister? asked Barbara Ames of Marie Short who had just come in from some of the places she comes in from.

Killing swine, Marie mused sadly over the poacher's fire. It was horrible. They mounch'd and mounch'd and mounch'd. Sow's blood that hath eaten her nine farrow.

Flavia, upstage, paced and paced and one of the tall trees behind Dunsinane Castle reached down and patted her on the back. She looks small sometimes, but when you see a pine tree whack her on the back, you know there's the stuff of Lady Macbeth in her. She was singing, but the words were not clear, only a sweet, womanly sort of tune. "Who would have thought the old man had so much blood in him," she warbled merrily.

—Lynda Sargent

LYMAN LANTZ, CANDIDATE FOR CONGRESS, TALKS WITH SUPPORTERS HERE

"Liberal pensions for our senior citizens, jobs for our unemployed and hope for our youth,—that's the strongest national defense in the world."

That's the conviction of Lyman Lantz, prominent farm leader of San Jose, who has thrown his hat into the Congressional ring from this district. He seeks the Democratic nomination at the primaries August 27. He will be opposed by J. J. McGrath.

Lantz is 45 years old, married, and the father of a 15-year-old daughter. He is a graduate of the University of California.

Lantz interviewed many Democratic party leaders on the Monterey Peninsula last week.

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MONTEREY REALTOR GIVEN SPECIAL HONOR

Benjamin F. Wright of Monterey was honored last night by being presented with real estate broker's license No. 2 by Clarence Urban, real estate commissioner for the state of California, at a dinner meeting of the Monterey Peninsula Realty Board in San Carlos Hotel.

Each year the state board honors two California real estate brokers by presenting licenses Nos. 1 and 2 to them.

Accompanying Urban to Monterey for this occasion were Thomas H. Armstrong, assistant commission, and W. Del Richards, deputy in charge of the Sacramento office.

Corum Jackson of Carmel is president of the Monterey Peninsula board.

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Mr. and Mrs. Miles S. Slocum of Los Angeles and their two lovely daughters have leased the Florence Holt house at Pebble Beach for the summer months.

SIBYL ANIKEEFF PRINTS ON TREASURE ISLAND

The photographs of Sibyl V. Anikeeff went up on the walls of the Fine Arts Building on Treasure Island July 1 as part of the Pageant of Photography being shown this year. She was chosen as one of the foremost women photographers of California. The other three are Sonia Noskowiak, Imogene Cunningham and Alma Levinson. The show remains through the last week of July.

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Maintenance work on stretches of the highway from Redding through Viola to Lassen National Park, chiefly between Millville and Shingletown, is reported by the Sacramento office of the National Automobile Club to be presenting very little difficulty to travel entering the Park at the Manzanita Lake entrance.

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The Raymond Hornbys of San Bernardino have taken Mrs. Robert Edgren's house in the Monterey Peninsula Country Club for three months.

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Featuring a horse show and racing, the Sacramento County Fair will be held at Galt August 1 to 4, reports the California State Automobile Association. Exhibits will display the county's wide variety

beverly's
house o' flowers
carmel theatre building
telephone 374

Personalities & Personals

Albert Morini, Viennese and internationally known concert manager, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Colden Whitman at the Red, White and Blue Ball at Del Monte Sunday. The war has worked considerable changes in Mr. Morini's life. He's had to close his famous London office and his beautiful Paris office. His home in Savoy is his no more—if there is anything left of it. Now he has his New York office only and has come out to the coast to find somewhere where he can settle in peace and quietness for the summer. He's going to be shown Carmel. His sister, Errika Morini, is probably the greatest living woman violinist we have.

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Ensign John Clague, son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Clague, has received orders to join his ship, the U.S.S. *Cimarron* and has left for San Diego.

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Rosalind Reed, whom you saw in "Susan and God" and whom you see buzzing hither and yon wherever there's any fun going on, leaves for Tahoe with her mother just as soon as her father and sister arrive, which will be in about a week.

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Eleanor Jackson, noted woman commentator of the air lanes, arrived in Carmel Wednesday evening to spend several well-earned days in Carmel or/and fog. Miss Jackson will probably be seen in the company of Remo and Virginia Scardigli and hopes to be able to point out the exact spot at the Forest Theater where she, as the littlest dwarf in "Snow White," got stuck in a barrel for the total performance. That occurence was 20 years ago. Miss Jackson has been over a barrel ever since.

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Ramon Navarro, who has been a guest of Noel Sullivan for the past ten days, left for the south Tuesday. Guests at *Hollow Hills Farm* at present include William Goss, who sings in the Bach Festival chorus; Sten Englund, soloist; and Alfred Frankenstein, art and music critic of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, who lectures for the Bach Festival tomorrow morning.

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The Cymbal, anywhere in the U. S., $1 a Year.

CHURCHES

CARMEL MISSION
Summer Services
MASSES
7, 9, and 11 a.m.
MASSES AT BIG SUR
10 a.m.

ALL SAINTS CHURCH
[Protestant ✦ Episcopal]
MONTE VERDE AND OCEAN AVENUE
The Rev. C. J. Hulsewé, Rector
"A House of Prayer for All People"
8:00 a.m. Holy Communion
9:30 a.m. Church School
11:00 a.m. Morning Prayer and Sermon

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Alec Templeton Was Pianist in Early Youth

When Alec Templeton was two years old his family was amazed to hear him correctly mimic his older sisters' exercises on the piano, even including, as a joke, their frequent mistakes. By the time he was four he had composed several tiny compositions, one a lullaby, with which his mother used to sing him to sleep. By the time he was 14 Alec won first prize in composition offered by the British Broadcasting Company.

He came to America as a piano soloist with Jack Hylton's orchestra in 1935 and immediately gained recognition not only as a brilliant musical-satirist, but as a musician of great attainment. His first American concert appearance was in Chicago at Orchestra Hall and his audience seemed to realize that in this blind boy the genius of Mozart had been re-born. He comes to Carmel Tuesday, July 30, where he will be heard at Sunset Auditorium under Kit Whitman management through special arrangement with the Music Corporation of America.

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Red Cross Ball Big Success

All we know is, the Red, White and Blue Ball was a terrific success, but as far as knowing how much money they made for the Red Cross, even Henry Tiedemann doesn't know at this writing. Over at his office in Hotel Del Monte they've been wound up in figures all week long.

The Pot of Gold fund totaled $1,303.61. Little Bambie Force won one of the $50 pots, but turned it back into the fund. Phillip Jordan of Monterey won the other. Then there was 11 cents that Mrs. Howard Veit accepted from a very small boy.

The Bali Room looked marvelous, all balloons and red and white stripes. Robert Stanton and Paul Whitman were at the hotel at 5 a.m. and worked all day with a volunteer crew of amateurs. They spent $50 for balloons and they all had to be blown up.

Oh, yes, the entertainment! The Duncan Sisters were absolutely tops—the greatest funmakers in the country. Robert Armbruster at the piano for a Debussy number and a Chopin waltz was something to remember; John Boles singing, Carlotta King singing, John Boles AND Carlotta King singing—all very swell—and it was nice to see Conrad Nagel again. He auctioned off Lawson Little's six-iron to John Magee for $75. But William Arnold and Rod La Rocque were pretty tiresome. We know they're wonderful, but why did they have to take so long to tell it?

Mrs. Henry Sanford won the I. Magnin merchandise order for $100. Mrs. Alfred Wheldon and Douglas Winslow won the two bridge prizes—the first, a bottle of perfume donated by Lush's; the second, golf balls from Spaldings.

They say more than $500 was collected from the sale of American flags and gardenias alone.

Only unhappy note for the entire evening was Tony De Marco, who came to the "mike" only to announce that Renee had been injured—not too badly—in a forced airplane landing just outside Salinas and they would be unable to appear in their scheduled dance numbers.

—M. W.

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Mrs. L. A. Shipley of Robles Del Rio is at the Peninsula Community Hospital recovering from a sudden illness.

Carmel's Firemen Celebrate Their Twenty-Fifth Birthday with Good Ham and Less Succulent Speeches

Carmel's volunteer firemen, past and present, got together Wednesday evening to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the official establishment of the department and they made a good job of it.

Confidentially, the most appetizing and most easy-to-take part of the evening was contributed by Steve Patterson in the varied forms of baked ham, sweet potatoes and string beans, but on occasions like this even the Press can't get something for nothing and after enjoying Patterson for three-quarters of an hour we had to listen to speeches for two hours. The proportion was all screwy.

Paul Mercurio was chairman of the evening and if you want to see a serious young man at a serious task you should see Paul. He does a good, honest job of it—so honest. Before he got through proudly introducing people everyone of the 52 good and true gentlemen in the place, including Frank Lloyd, Winsor Josselyn and Bassett, made a speech.

Besides the members of the present department there were present at the party five men who had tossed wet blankets around and slung buckets back in the days when fighting fires was something you just quit whatever you were doing for and leaped to the task. They are Courtland J. Arne, Jasper E. Nichols, Robert G. Leidig (present chief), Birney W. Adams and William L. Overstreet. As Court Arne remarked in the best speech of the evening, the boys did pretty good in those days. "We never lost a lot," said Court, "and we did save a few houses."

Bill Overstreet told something of the history of the department. He said that two incidents had caused the organization of a group of firefighters. One was the burning in 1914 of Hansen's butcher shop, which was just about where the Quality Market is now and which threatened to destroy Doc Beck's drug store on the corner where Staniford's now is. The other was the tragic death of Mrs. Ella Reid Harrison in the same year in her burning home at Ninth and Camino Real. A group of firemen organized then, but it was not until 1921 that they received official recognition from the city council and were provided with apparatus and hose. Overstreet said that from 1915 until the present, 122 men have been members of the Carmel Volunteer Fire Department.

Also helping the old and present members of the department to celebrate were Mayor Keith Evans, Councilmen Bernard Rowntree, P. A. McCreery and Herbert Heron and Chief of Police Robert Walton.

The very fine service that went with the exceptionally fine food was provided by Billy France, Fred Mylar, Irving Foster and Vincent Torras. Mrs. Billy France made the delicious salad and the women of the firemen's auxiliary attractively decorated the tables.

P.O. May Be Ready By October

Carmel may be nosing in and out of its new post office by the first of October.

Postmaster Ernest Bixler went to San Francisco Wednesday to confer with W. H. Hudson, postal building inspector, about the plans for the building to be erected by Bob Leidig and leased to the post office department for a five-year period. It is expected that the plans will be ready in short order as the post office people have the groundwork of such things all ready for such emergencies.

The location of the new post office building will not be on the corner of Sixth and Dolores as previously announced, but on the third lot on the east side of Dolores north of Sixth. There will be a 10-foot easement from Sixth street to the rear of the building for mail transportation.

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TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED DEVELOPS NEW GASOLINE

Development of a brand new gasoline, capable of satisfying the requirements of the most exacting motorist, was hailed today by M. N. Baxley, local representative of Tide Water Associated Oil Co., as he discussed the company's Finer Flying "A" Gasoline, recently introduced to the public.

"Actually, all of us in the oil business have known for some time that changes taking place in automobile engine construction would necessitate the development of a balanced motor fuel capable of smoothness at every speed. Associated research engineers have been busy for months perfecting exactly the right blend to assure the quality of road performance demanded by motorists."

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The Cymbal covers the Carmel district like the pine trees.

Alec Templeton Is Acclaimed in S.F.

Alec Templeton played with Pierre Monteux and the San Francisco Symphony at Treasure Island Wednesday evening and 8000 pairs of hands acclaimed him. "Not only did he play admirably," according to Alexander Fried in Thursday morning's *Examiner*, "but his performance was enriched in sentiment because the audience knew that, with all his extraordinary musical gifts, he happens to be sightless. Uncanny touch and sense of space guided his fingers all but unerringly. His playing was poised, rapid, superb. His tone had fine quality. His phrasing entered with ease and charm into Grieg's songful poetry."

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Another week-end visitor and a constant one was Ted Leonard of San Francisco who visits Mrs. Austin White and her daughter Margarita, up in Eighty Acres. Ted is a Britisher who migrated into the insurance business here after the first World War where he went through all the mess at Salonika in command of a company of machine gunners.

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CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS PULL

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That France Will Get Funds Is Assured

Dr. G. H. Taubles, head of the Carmel unit of the American Red Cross, who attended the meeting of the French Refugee Benefit committee at the Mission Ranch Club last Wednesday for the express purpose of putting to rest any fears people may have concerning proper distribution of funds raised, certainly settled all doubts in clear and in no uncertain words.

"Not money, but materials, food, clothing and medical supplies are being sent to Europe," he said, "and they go straight into the hands of our Red Cross representative there and do not leave his hands until he sees to it, personally, that they reach the source for which they are intended. If, by any chance, these supplies should be diverted, we would be notified instantly, and new channels would be found in order to get the materials to the proper sources. So far, nothing that has been sent over by the American Red Cross has been diverted. Furthermore, any subscriber to the American Red Cross has the privilege of designating the destination to which their relief is directed; the material is ear-marked for that locality."

Commenting on the rumors that have been circulating in regard to French War Relief not finding its proper channels, Dr. Taubles said, "Such rumors are based on no real information at all, are an attempt to create confusion and undermine faith in our American institutions and, to my way of thinking, are characteristic and typical of fifth column work."

FREER GOTTFRIED WEDS

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Gottfried announce the marriage of their son Freer in Los Angeles July 6 to Norene Brownson, daughter of Mrs. Merle Brownson of that city. Both Freer and his bride are sophomores in U.C.L.A. and will continue with their studies. He is majoring in engineering and she in economics.

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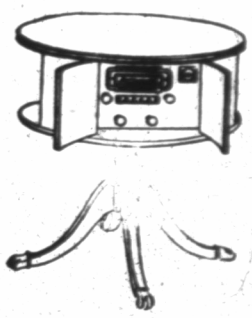
CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS PULL

SPECIAL



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A LETTER TO MY HONEY

Dear sweet honeybunch:

Ah shuah hope you goin' to take me to dis heah N'Orleans shindig dey's goin' to be puttin' on at Del Monte on Satuhday night, July 27th. I shuah always wanted to go visitin' to N'Orleans an' I heah it's goin' to be one hot get-togetha. Dey say dey's got a carload of entertainment comin' an' it's goin' to be one swell party.

Jes call me, honey, an' I'll hol' that date wide open fo' you. Ah shuah will!

Love,

Susy

P. S.

Jes in case you want to know. The price is one dollah an' fifty cents an' three dollahs fo' dinnah. An' I shuah love those Del Monte dinnahs. An' you jes bettah make a reservation 'way in advance.

The Carmel Cymbal
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W. K. BASSETT, EDITOR

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CARMEL TIDES

July	LOW		HIGH	
19	4:28a	-0.6	11:15a	4.3
	4:06p	2.2	10:11p	5.2
20	5:04a	-0.5	11:54a	4.4
	4:51p	2.2	10:51p	5.0
21	5:39a	-0.3	12:31p	4.4
	5:36p	2.2	11:32p	4.8
22	6:14a	0.0	1:08p	4.4
	6:24p	2.1		
	HIGH		LOW	
23	0:16a	4.4	6:48a	0.4
	1:44p	4.4	7:17p	2.0
24	1:03a	4.0	7:23a	0.7
	2:20p	4.4	8:15p	1.9
25	1:58a	3.7	8:03a	1.2
	2:55p	4.5	9:18p	1.7
26	3:04a	3.4	8:44a	1.6
	3:35p	4.5	10:26p	1.4

Art Institute Has Advisory Board

With the third summer session in full swing at the Carmel Art Institute and a satisfying number of out-of-town and out-of-state students registered, Kit Whitman, director, announces the appointment of an advisory board of directors which will hold its first meeting in August. Members are Mrs. Henry Potter Russell, Noel Sullivan, Sidney Trevvett, Paul Dougherty, Allen Griffin and Charles K. Van Riper.

The Armin Hansen class in landscape and figure painting is working this week at the beautiful Harold L. Mack estate, *Hacienda*, across from Hotel Del Monte. Mr. Mack has graciously offered its use at any time during the summer that the Art Institute cares to use it. It is one of the show places of the Peninsula and its lovely gardens and patios offer unlimited opportunity for the artists and model. Such interest and cooperation of local residents is not unusual. The class worked for three weeks at *Hollow Hills Farm*, Noel Sullivan's place in the Carmel Valley and accomplished fine things. Likewise, the gardens of the Lloyd Tevises next to Carmel Mission were thrown open to them.

Paul Whitman's sketch class has been working indoors with a model but is about ready to get out in the sun.

Finn Frolich's students in sculpture are just finishing up the large figures they've been working on at the Institute's Workshop on Mission street.

John and Patricia Cunningham are jointly conducting a lecture course in anatomy as well as outdoor painting classes.

The children's classes meet twice a week for the youngest group and twice a week for the teen-age students under Elizabeth Dickinson White. Among them are Barbara Arnold, Harry and Rachel Scithers, Luane and Nancy De Lude, Owen Owens, Nancy McCarthy, Charis Johns, Jennifer Lloyd, Honey Townsend, Elizabeth Ford, Marcia Kuster, Delfo Giglio and Mickie Beller.

AT RANDOM

Unwisdom

Men whose moods make sudden shifts
Cause violent and noisy rifts
And knock for agonizing loops
Dependable phlegmatic groups.

Yet who would choose for livelong diet
Unmeasured calm, unvaried quiet?

—EDITH FRISBIE

Harry Dick Ross' Wood Sculpture Display Is Rare Indeed

Exhibition of Wood Sculpture and Three Dimensional Painting by Harry Dick Ross at Seven Arts Shop.

It's an impertinence to try to interpret another person's work, such an impertinence as makes me sit here confounded. But I know the story of the "Sycamore Lady" who stands now in her niche at the Seven Arts Shop where you and all may see, and as it is very much like the story of Harry Dick's compositions I guess it will serve to illustrate some of the things I'd like to say about the work of this unique and gifted artist.

My favorite character in fiction is Pinocchio. (*Not*, I'm sorry to say, Mr. Disney's Pinocchio.) If you will recall, pape Gepetto set about one day to make a marionette. His tools were a stick of cedar wood, a chisel and humility. It pleased him that he was making a fine marionette, as he could plainly see as the work progressed, and he sang. It rather upset him for a time, when the figure he was carving began to "Ouch" in loud tones. He had been thinking, no doubt, what a little boy like that would say and do if he were real, and to his amazement the figure leapt down to the floor. Something had been born out of his hard work and humble soul and papa Gepetto was the merriest of men. When Pinocchio earned the boon of being a real boy, papa Gepetto probably drank a deal of red Italian wine, for had he not become a figure in history as well as literature?

The "Sycamore Lady" lay, a battered and insentient stick of driftwood, on the beach by the Point Sur Light. We picked it up with armsful of other pieces of wood and took it down for the cavernous fireplace at the Harry Dick Rosses—mama and papa Gepetto, who live, as you may well know, on the brink of a cliff down Lime Creek way.

When evening came and we had eaten much too well of mama Gepetto's south coast cookery, we sat us by the fire in conversation, the Gepettos being conversationalists of great parts. One by one the pieces of driftwood went into the maw of the fireplace, but not the sycamore stick. I can see Harry Dick now, bent over by the fire, mulling a glass of red wine between his palms, watching the piece of wood stood upright in a rock niche by the firedogs.

Perhaps it was old "Patio God" himself, who first came solemnly down from his piece of wall and went and stood before the sycamore. Then one of the "Doodads," scratching beside his stony nose. All of them, one after the other, pulling their long oak hair or tearing their redwood beards. As they crept back to shelf and bookcase-top, they nodded to papa Gepetto: Yes, they said, you are quite right, quite right.

So the piece of sycamore went up the trail to the shop overlooking the waterfalls and presently she was saying a ladylike "*Ouch!*"

Now she has become a real lady, not conducive to puppethood, and she says that, while she would because living with the Rosses is rather go back with them than anywhere else in the world, she has heard tell there are other nice people, too.

If you go and look, you will see what I mean; that here is an artist whose work comes up out of him just as his wrought heads come, grain by grain out of their own substance, following the predestined line of their separate lives until they live and take breath. They come as naturally as flame from secret combustion and like flame they are disciplined to transcend space without trespassing on it.

I know they make lovely creatures to live with, for I live with some, as you can see by the house sign I have loaned to the show which reads

LYNDA SARGENT

\+ + +

MISS ACKROYD'S CLUB FOR CHILDREN UNIQUE

Unique is the name for Skipper Ackroyd's children's club which has been functioning at its clubhouse on Lincoln and Seventh all winter, and now that summer is here goes to the out-of-doors for its fun. Skipper takes them to the Schulte ranch on picnics, to Del Monte for swimming, for horseback rides at Jacks Peak and then home for a barbecue, or down to the beach.

The children run the club and she gets in their way as little as possible. There is a membership committee, a maintenance committee to keep an eye on supplies and notify the merchandising committee when they're fresh out of paper or darts. This committee goes out and bargains with the merchants for material. Then there's a merriment committee and a menage committee. Everyone belongs to this last and they may make a choice of the others. All Skipper needs now is a station-wagon. If there are any around loose and wanting a good home—well, here you are.

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The very popular route to Crater Lake from the south, that via Weed and Klamath Falls, which has been undergoing oiling between Weed and Grass Lake, still maintains its summer record for travel, states the Sacramento office of the National Automobile Club. The work of oiling has caused no trouble other than short delays where one-way traffic was effective.

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DOG DAYS— AND NIGHTS

Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

Nani Ball passed through the village last week with her master and mistress, Mr. and Mrs. Al Ball, on their way home to Hollywood.

Nani had just about time to make the rounds with her old cronies and tell them the wonderful news—her mistress, who is also Armine von Tempski, is going to have two books published next month. *Nani* is so-o-o-o excited over it! She was also excited over revisiting her old haunts here in Carmel. She lived here with her master and mistress when they were staying at *Vagabond's House*, and she was always having adventures. So the little brown-eyed lady whose name means "charming" in Hawaiian, likes to come back here almost as much as her friends like to have her.

\+

All is joy and peace at the Richard Nohring residence for *Happy*, the prodigal pup, is home again after great adventures!

It all began when *Happy* wriggled through a hole in the back fence one bright, sunny morning a week or so ago, and started off to hunt rabbits. Now, his mistress had told him NEVER to speak to strangers, but *Happy* was having such a good time that he just forgot, and when he met a strange lady who said, "Hello," *Happy* said, "Hello" back. One thing led to another and the first thing *Happy* knew he was riding in the strange lady's car—on his way to Los Angeles.

Meanwhile, his master and mistress missed him and began to look for him. They couldn't find him anywhere. Several days went by. They grew very much worried and alarmed and put an ad in the paper for *Happy*. Finally they enlisted the aid of the police who got to work on the case at once, and discovered that *Happy* was way down in Los Angeles. When *Happy* heard that his family was worried about him, he hopped on the streamliner and came home right away.

He says it was a very exciting adventure, but he is NEVER going to talk to strangers again.

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Have you met *Michael Frederic* Burr? If you want to see one concentrated little bundle of *joie de vie* just look up *Michael Frederic*. He is so happy at being alive that he leaps straight up in the air every few steps for the sheer joy of it. It is quite a stirring sight.

Michael Frederic is just a growing boy and hasn't decided on a career yet, but he should turn out to be something very artistic for his master and mistress are that very gifted pair, John and Mary Burr. It isn't every young fellow who has an opera singer and a ballerina in his very own family for inspiration.

\+ + +

Establishment by the State Park Commission of an entrance fee of 25 cents per car to Big Basin State Redwood Park is now in effect, reports the California State Automobile Association. The fee covers the car and all occupants and is good for the calendar year without additional charge. A receipt and windshield sticker are issued on payment of the fee.

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The Tide of Bach's Music Now Runs at Its Full

By ALMA LOWRY WILLIAMS

The silent trees were dark against the white sand, the moon glowed palely through the rifts of fog, and on the cool night came voices. Tower-music it was, blending into a chorale, voices from another age of church spires and burgher musicians. Heralding trombones, they were, not trumps of war or noble pomp, but golden voices of peace, rich with a burden of song for believing souls. Time became valueless and Beauty seemed the one enduring certainty as one entered the concert hall for the opening of the Festival.

And the first program satisfied wholly. It marked a high point as yet unreached in previous festivals. Soloists, choir, and orchestra expressed the soul of Bach in his Christmas Oratorio and the spirit of the eighteenth century in the music for instruments. The Overture in B minor which opened the concert is the second of four and is structurally a suite with slow introduction and successive dance movements. The diverse styles and tempi were done with great clearness and expression under the authoritative baton of maestro Usigli. Notable was the fine flute playing of Helen Meade Little in the last section of the Overture and also in obbligato passages of the Oratorio. Madame Alice Ehlers delighted the audience with her verve in playing the D minor harpsichord concerto. Her instrument is a particularly fine one, made to order by Pleyel in Paris after an original used by Johann Sebastian Bach. So ideal was the ensemble of orchestra and harpsichord that one could not feel that the instrument was quaint or obsolete. Rather it seemed that time had vanished for a brief exquisite period of the playing.

The latter half of the program was given to the Christmas Oratorio, a cycle of six sacred cantatas for the six days of Christmas of the Lutheran church calendar. These cantatas consist of arias and ensembles interspersed with choruses and traditional chorales, all with orchestral accompaniment. The parts are connected by biblical narratives narrating the events of the first Christmas written for a soloist called the Evangelist. Russel Horton, in splendid tenor voice sang the short, disconnected Evangelist recitatives with fine diction and feeling for nuance. The soprano part gave Sibyl Bayles little opportunity to display her ability in her Carmel debut. She sang the few solo lines and short ensemble parts in a light, brilliant voice. The showier parts of the Oratorio are written for the lower voices, who revelled in them. Ruth Terry Koechig, a newcomer to Carmel, sang in a glowing contralto voice with wellnigh flawless diction the role of *Mary*. Notable were the arias, *Slumber Beloved* and *Prepare Thyself, Zion*. Bach favored the alto voice and wrote well for it. Sten Englund, of the vibrant baritone voice, sang calm legato and forceful passages with equal poise and feeling. His presentation of *Mighty Lord and King All Glorious* was dramatically stirring. The exuberance of the choruses and the devoutness of the chorales was distinctly portrayed by the white-robed chorus with an orchestral accompaniment which at times sounded organ-like in smoothness and sonority. Only the first three of the six cantatas were included on the program.

Tuesday evening's program gave the hearer the same view of the eighteenth century notables as Bach himself had, that of the music of his contemporaries. For the time Bach was absent and one could contemplate his background, the setting from which his art grew and upon which it was displayed. A Handel concerto grosso began the program with Doris Ballard and Florence Blest, violinists, and George Richardson, violoncellist, as soloists with string orchestra. The opening Adagio was very well sustained tonally, the attacks were accurate, and intricate details of tempo and dynamics were carefully taken throughout. The group, though composed of young players for the most part, contains some excellent musicians who are improving their ensemble daily under the meticulous direction of the conductor. Again Madame Ehlers was greeted with an ovation as she came to the stage. Under her dancing fingers Scarlatti and Couperin became not something antiquated for piano, but a vital tonal fabric of great intricacy and elegance, glowing with the sophisticated elegance of the age which created them. Her comments on the program in a charming accent added piquance to her playing. She is an international musical figure and her appearance is an artistic event. Accompanied by Madame Ehlers at the harpsichord, Margaret Downey, soprano, sang arias from two Handel operas, Munro's *My Lovely Celia* and a song in German by Krieger accompanied by a small string orchestra. Miss Downey is a gracious, personable young singer and her interpretation of *Oh, Sweet Sleep* and *As the Dove* were highlights of her group.

Violoncello works of della Ciaja and Vivaldi were magnificently played by Luigi Silva in his own arrangement. Discouraged by masters in Italy from undertaking the study of cello because of his small hands, this indomitable artist has developed a mastery of the instrument that is technically astounding and artistically compelling. The rich expressive beauty of his tone made his playing a delight. Ralph Linsley at the piano provided an ideal accompaniment by giving himself wholly to the music with fine sincerity. Eunice Wennermark gave a vivid performance of Tartini's famous *Devil's Trill*. Her brilliance of technique was noticeable in the great clarity of the music itself which resulted from the effortless discipline of the real artist. The expressive accompaniment for orchestra was the work of the director and greatly enhanced the effect of this celebrated work.

After having been absent from the program of Tuesday, Bach returned and was with us as we listened to his organ music in All Saints' Church on Wednesday afternoon. Above the altar was a painting, "Jesu, Meine Freude." Things secular vanished and we came close to the soul of the mystic, devout Bach. Dr. Asper played first the great D minor Toccata and Fugue and continued with sonata and fugue. The four chorale preludes made the hour one of worship and praise. Through his playing of the remarkable organ of the Mormon Tabernacle, Dr. Asper has achieved such eminence that we can add nothing to his fame by commenting on his masterly playing. We are deeply grateful that he can tarry with us for a time to reveal the riches of Bach's organ music in two recitals and to discuss them at a morning lecture.

With the midpoint of the Festival at hand our enthusiasm for its remarkable spirit is running at full tide. Still we are to hear the Brandenburg concertos, two comic cantatas, an organ recital, great piano and violin concertos, and the B minor Mass in the San Carlos Mission where Padre Serra lies sleeping. The days ahead are good. The participants are imbued with great anticipation and a growing feeling of unity. And over all broods the spirit of Gastone Usigli, the master. He knows and loves the music of Bach. He translates and interprets it to his fellows. With a gesture, a glance, a mimetic pose or a flash of wit he can evoke from a diverse group an undivided expression of musical feeling. After a number he lays down the baton, salutes his orchestra, and turns to take a modest bow. Then we pay him homage as one who knows beauty and has the divine power to create it in the hearts of men.

(This is the first of two articles by Miss Williams on the music of the Festival.)

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"Margin for Error" opened at the Barter Theatre in Abingdon, Va., yesterday with John Eaton playing *Dr. Jennings*, the part played by Bert Lytell in the Broadway production which closed its run the last week in May.

John has already endeared himself to southern audiences by his handling of the juvenile roles in "Roller Shades" and "Accent on Youth" and they've been looking forward with interest to his interpretation of this rich character role in "Margin for Error." It is directed by Hubert Osborne of London, author of "Hit the Deck" and a former director of the Goodman Theatre in Chicago.

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Carmel's distinguished official greeter and heart-warmer, Eiler U. Larsen, is leaving us for a week, going to Solvang, the Danish colony in Santa Ynez valley, 40 miles from Santa Barbara. We'll miss him.

"New Orleans Night" Coming At Del Monte

The sceptre used by successive queens of the Mardi Gras will wave at Del Monte's "Night in New Orleans" on Saturday, July 27.

It will be carried by Mrs. Nelson Whitney, wife of the president of the Whitney National Bank, who, through special arrangements with the City of New Orleans, will also wear the Mardi Gras crown.

Back in Louisiana Mrs. Whitney is a queen in her own right, having presided over the Comus, which is the big event of the season for the elite of New Orleans society.

The "Night in New Orleans" party, which is being staged by Del Monte in conjunction with the Southern Pacific Company, will have many other equally authentic touches.

The decorations for the affair are being made by Wolo, famous West Coast artist, and promise to be the most elaborate ever planned for any similar Del Monte event.

The dinner will be reminiscent of those served at the famous Antoine's and the entertainment will include typical Southern black-face numbers.

The "Night in New Orleans" party will be the first of a series of unusual dinner dances to be staged in the Bali Room during the summer months. These will include a "Night in Hawaii" and, possibly, a costume ball later in the season.

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RACHEL E. HATHAWAY DIES IN CARMEL

Services were held Monday afternoon at All Saints' Church for Mrs. Rachel E. Hathaway who died Satusday evening at the home of her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Mary V. Hathaway. Mrs. Hathaway was the mother of the late Col. C. E. Hathaway and she leaves a son, Capt. James Lowman Hathaway, who is now in Carmel. A native of Pennsylvania, Mrs. Hathaway was 81 years old and has lived in Carmel for the past five years. She was active in the affairs of All Saints' Church.

KUSTER ANNOUNCES THREE MODERN PLAY PRODUCTIONS

Following the enthusiastic reception of the Carmel Stage Guild's production of "Susan and God," Edward Kuster announces a series of three contemporary plays to be presented the third and fourth week-ends of August: "Merrily We Roll Along" by Kaufman and Hart; "June Mad," a new comedy of youth by Colin Clemente and Florence Ryerson, and a revival of Thornton Wilder's "Our Town." This is the first example of modern repertory ever to be offered on the Monterey Peninsula. Both season and single performance tickets will be on sale shortly.

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Restrictions on taking animal pets into Yosemite National Park have been relaxed to the extent that kennels are now operated in the valley for the care of dogs and cats, reports the touring bureau of the California State Automobile Association.

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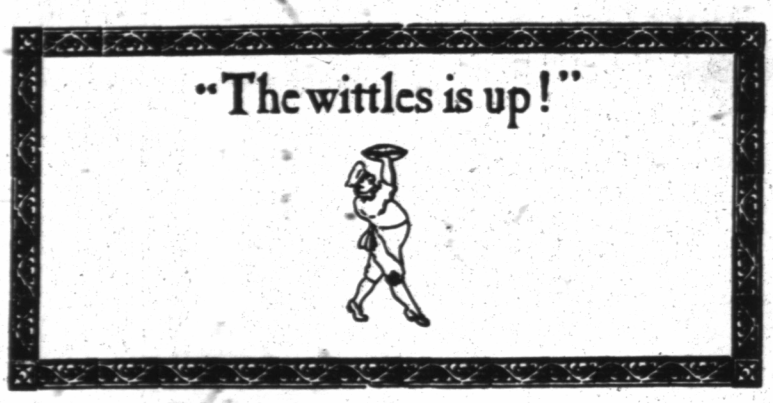

This column is about food—sometimes.

(And, after all, the following did not make the Bach edition because Bach so completely made it. But the Constant Eater has her fans, and galore, so we give you her contribution.—Ed.)

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On the *Empire Builder* of the Great Northern R.R. somewhere between Portland and Chicago.

Dear Lynda:

You said, when you were driving me to Salinas, "I hate not to have the Constant Eater herself in the Bach Festival issue of THE CYMBAL. Don't you feel that way, too?"

Of course I do! But here I was, starting to cross the continent after six years of being a Constant Cooker and Bedmaker—and it did seem to me that that fact alone would paralyze all my mental faculties. But you said, casually and with an intentionally wistful tone which you knew would get me: "Well, when you get tired of looking at the scenery and tired of reading you might jot down a few thoughts that come to you on the train."

So—well, here they are, a few of my thoughts as we pound along:

I think first

—that most thoughts thunk on a train aren't worth putting down on paper.

—that it's almost impossible to write while the train is in motion.

—that it baffles you to find your pencil turning into an irresponsibly leaping thing that pays no attention to your attempted guidance.

—that maybe I better just keep my pencil and notebook handy, grab them when we come to a station and write while the train stands still. The difficulty is that in this enormous northwest the stops are few and far between, and then seldom more than a few minutes long.

—and that, when a ten-minute stop does come, you're so aching with just *sitting* that you jump at the chance to walk up and down the station platform and gulp in a little fresh air.

I think

—that it might be a salutary experience for some Carmel natives if they could go traveling and meet people who look perfectly blank when you proudly mention "Carmel, California."

—that one of the keenest thrills of this trip hit me early on the first morning when I raised the shade in my berth and saw Mt. Shasta. Its majestic snow-draped slopes were dazzling in the pinkish glow of the slanting rays of a rising sun. It stood up out of a vast green landscape with a clear blue sky behind it — lonely and grand but still friendly and serene, its ageless, timeless beauty so secure against the petty man-made worries and troubles. Strange how close its peaks looked, as if you could run over and grab a handful of snow if the engineer would just stop the train a few minutes.

—that the food on the *Beaver*. (*This column is about food—sometimes*) at tourist prices is wonderfully better than one dared hope. It recalls—by bitter contrast—the days of paying two bits for half a grapefruit in train diners and so much for eggs that it seemed as if the yolks must be made of real gold. But now, for 25 cents I was served orange juice, coffee, three small but delicious muffins and two—count 'em, *two!*—outsize eggs, not only large but impeccably fresh! And for four bits there was a dinner I could eat any day with gusto and pleasure on terra firma: soup and crisp crackers, chicken pot pie (with peas and carrots in the minority and lots of good meat); string beans, potatoes, ice cream and cake. Choice of coffee, milk or tea, of course, and two big hot rolls I forgot to mention.

—that I wish the *Empire Builder* were a little less snooty to its tourist class passengers. We're not allowed to go into the lounge car and the meals are not priced quite down to our financial status as they are on the *Beaver* and the *Challenger* and the *Californian*. (Note added at end of trip: Although the *very* low prices didn't prevail on the *Empire Builder*, they were much more reasonable and the meals were much more delicious and much better served than on the New York Central, from Chicago to New York!)

—that the *Daylight* is my idea of the heaven of traveling. Even the short distance I reveled in this luxury (from Salinas to San Jose) spoiled me. It was a jolt to land in an ordinary, old-fashioned, red-plush day coach. There was only about an hour of this but it definitely did not contribute to the feeling of super-elegance in which I had started the journey. After the smooth, creamy lather (O pardon me, I must have been thinking of Camay—or Crisco!) of the *Daylight's* motion, I've been more or less jolting along ever since.

—that the next thrill after Mt. Shasta was seeing those homey little backyards in Oregon: grass growing under the trees in orchards, snug little lawns with clotheslines just a step or two from the back porch; grass and weeds and lilac bushes in corners and empty lots. Actually green grass that's *green* everywhere, not just inside garden fences where someone waters faithfully.

—that the next big thrill was meeting Anna Marie Baer in Portland and having dinner with her. I was just beginning to realize rather ruefully that the world is full of strangers who never heard of Carmel, so it was a grand feeling to meet one of the nicest people Carmel ever had.

—that the ride on Saturday across the northern part of Montana was beyond any power of mine to express in words my humble awe and appreciation for the marvels of nature. The snowy peaks of the Rockies leave me speechless and spellbound, especially at Glacier Park where they form an amazing background for the large hotel and the sweep of brilliant green lawns and flowerbeds in the foreground.

—that if everybody could be taken on a trip across the continent he or she would certainly get a better idea of what a beautiful country this actually is and how lucky we are to live in it.

A few Wanderer's Wonderings:

—Why none of the stations along this Great Northern line cater to tourists' continual urge to spend money on stamps, postcards and such? You can't buy a thing!

—Whether the fat, solemn-faced baby who hasn't cried in two days and nights is an angel or merely stolid?

—Whether I'll be enjoying life at 79 as wholeheartedly as the old lady across the aisle who is on her way to some place in North Dakota from Portland? This is her seventh trip, and she's borne fourteen children, lost seven of them, gone through eight operations—and is still full of exuberance!

—How it would feel to live in one of these many lonely ranches the train has passed, with not a neighbor in sight? A radio can keep you in touch with what they're wearing on Park Avenue and what they're singing in Broadway night clubs—but it won't take care of the baby if you're suddenly taken sick or break a leg.

—Why I can't write something really worthy of the Bach Festival!

But mostly I'm wondering why somebody doesn't write an article for it about Lynda Sargent? Why doesn't someone tell what a swell gal she is, how quite of her own free will and the joy of the doing she has taken on an enormous job for which she'll get paid—in money—only a fraction of what her enthusiastic labors are worth? No one needs to be told of her rare and delightful gift for writing—it speaks in THE CYMBAL for itself so much better than it could be told.

But why doesn't someone tell about Lynda herself—who is full of the most bewildering inconsistencies and quirks but whose understanding and sympathy go to unfathomable depths; who loves to call a spade a spade and knows all the tough words that begin with B, but who can gather into beautiful singing phrases the most delicate, sharp and exquisitely chosen words; who extracts from every situation she finds herself in a robust enjoyment; who has a wide and masculine view of life; who is so irrepressibly and incorrigibly generous, with her sympathy, her strength and her money, that I fear the time will never come when she isn't overdrawn both at the bank and in her own store of health.

Yes, someone should write about Lynda, but who can possibly do justice to her many-sided, richly human, warm and vivid personality? All I know is that for me Carmel becomes a more exciting place when she's in it—she makes life seem more dramatic, more interesting, more vital—but most of all, more fun!

These are a few of my thoughts while I was on the train traveling toward the rising sun.

—CONSTANT EATER

BADMINTON AND TENNIS EXPERT HAS CLASSES AT MISSION RANCH

Jerry Valencourt came up from the south to organize private and class lessons in badminton and tennis at the Mission Ranch Club. It seems that Jerry is the former doubles partner of the present world champion, Bobby Riggs; that he's the holder of the California Interscholastic Championship and the Junior College Championship. That is for tennis.

As far as badminton is concerned he's not done too badly either. He's the third ranking badminton pro and has appeared in stage exhibitions for the past two years.

Jerry's a little guy. When he first arrived he looked in no shape for teaching anything. His face was all cut and his hand was in a sling. It seems that before leaving Pasadena he got into a row with a Great Dane who clawed his face considerably. Then, the morning of his arrival, he shoved his hand through the glass door down at the Pebble Beach Racquet Club. A bad start—but he's going well now.

+ + +

"I BELIEVE IN MYSELF" DR. CROWTHER'S TOPIC ALL SAINTS' SERVICES

"I Believe in Myself" is the theme of Dr. James E. Crowther at the 11 o'clock service at Carmel Community Church Sunday.

The solo will be sung by Miss Delphia Phillips of San Jose with Miss Jewell Brookshier at the organ.

+ + +

Two miles of construction is under way on the All Year Highway into Yosemite Valley, at a point just north of Mariposa, reports the touring department of the National Automobile Club.

"OUR AMERICAN COUSIN" IN REHEARSAL AUG. 1

After much writing back and forth and re-arranging of schedules, it has definitely been established that rehearsals for "Our American Cousin" will begin Thursday, August 1, the very day that Telfer arrives in town. The play will open August 15 at the First Theater and everything is set for a grand production.

All Troupers of the Gold Coast, or any actor or actress who is available for this play, is asked to sign up immediately with the Denny-Watrous management.

+ + +

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DELICATESSEN

"Breakfast Tour" Is Plane Party

Seven locally-owned planes took off from Monterey Airport Sunday morning on the first "breakfast tour" of the season. They flew down to the Hearst ranch at San Simeon where they were given royal treatment and taken on a tour of this famous estate.

Alton Walker, airport manager, led the formation in his new Standard and had as his passengers Dr. W. H. McCabe, Artie Clay and his brother Stanley, and Jim Hamilton, head mechanic of the airport. Stuart Montmorency flew down in his Fairchild with Mrs. Montmorency and their little girl; Bill Dekker took Walter Snook and the latter's two sons Cedric and David down in his Stinson. Tom Mathews flew down in his new Culver with Sol Rancadore, Kurt Springer went along with Ernie Doelter in Ernie's Luscombe, and Paul Rice and Bill Kingsbury joined the flight from Santa Cruz.

Mathews' plane created much interest because it is pictured in a big advertisement in the current *Aviation* magazine. He is the first private pilot to get a ship of this model.

As soon as Alton Walker gets back from Spokane, where he's flying the huge Boeing 80-A for a couple of weeks, he'll organize another "breakfast flight." They are always fun.

+ + +

Now You Can Fish With Frank Lloyd

David Prince and Frank Lloyd, two sea-minded Carmel people, bucked the early-morning flood tide out the Golden Gate last Sunday in the 33-foot fishing boat *Sea Hawk* of Hilary Belloc, erstwhile local light and son of the British author, Hilaire Belloc.

Prince, formerly of La Playa Hotel and in recent years managing hotels in San Francisco, including the Commodore, went as far as Santa Cruz where he obtained a drive back to San Francisco with friends, while Lloyd brought the *Sea Hawk* on to Monterey. The trip was "uneventful."

While Belloc has joined the Canadian Navy as acting lieutenant, Lloyd has the *Sea Hawk* under charter for commercial fishing and to take out pleasure parties. He hopes to operate on week-ends and plans to conduct sight-seeing cruises to Point Sur similar to those run by Hub Powers two years ago.

The *Sea Hawk* is a staunch, eight ton craft and handsome, and is well outfitted for commercial work, especially albacore fishing which is the late summer and fall bonanza in the hook-and-line fishing.

Lloyd has paraphrased the song, *Let There Be Love*, to *Let There Be Albacore*. The latter is a choice species of tuna—"Chicken of the Sea"—which is caught 40 to 100 miles off shore and frequently earns for fishermen as much as $500 in a single day. "But don't count your chickens," Lloyd warns.

+ + +

MISSIONARIES GATHER AT ASILOMAR JULY 28

The Missionary Education Movement will be held at Asilomar July 28 to August 2. Dr. W. R. H. Hodgkin is dean of the conference. There will be a special meeting Wednesday at 2 p.m. for the women of the churches in Merrill Hall, Asilomar. Anyone in need of transportation is asked to call 52-W.

+ + +

The Cymbal covers the Carmel district like the pine trees.

Critic Lauds Kuster's "Susan and God" As Most Creditable Performance

One of the smoothest performances that has ever come out of a group of amateur players in Carmel was delivered to full houses at the Playhouse last Friday and Saturday night when "Susan and God," the Carmel Stage Guild's second production, was presented. Masterly and painstaking direction by Edward Kuster certainly bore results which should do a great deal towards raising a standard of quality which many of us, and with good reason, felt had been slipping during the past year or so.

The role of *Susan* is a burden that even a seasoned professional would be bound to lose sleep over and probably only Gertrude Lawrence could put it over in the way Rachel Crothers intended it. Catherine Van Dyke deserves the highest praise and admiration for her competent handling of this exacting role. She did amazingly well with it. If the responsibility of it hadn't rested so heavily on her shoulders, as indeed it must have, she would have been able to loosen up with a greater display of personality and temperament.

Louise Doud, in the role of *Blossom Trexel*, gave us a beautifully-sustained and sensitive portrayal of this neglected and confused child. I think her eprformance will be remembered for a long, long time. It was difficult to realize that Louise is just a beginner. She has certainly set a standard for herself that will be something to live up to, for we'll expect no less of her in future roles. She's off to a swell start.

Perhaps because I knew that Talbot Pearson is an English actor and director of wide experience, I expected more of a contrast between his acting and that of the others in the cast. In the first place, he doesn't exactly fit the picture I have in mind of *Barrie Trexel*—he's too old for the part—and his handling of that role had as many rough spots in it, if not more, as the less experienced players. When he began the difficult drunken scene I thought, for a while, he would carry it off to a highly successful climax, but he failed to sustain it.

Edith Graham would grace any stage with her distinguished charm and beauty of voice and in the part of *Charlotte Marley* she was perfectly at ease, giving it the smoothness of a professional, which indeed she is, even though her experience has been largely radio.

Lloyd Weer and Mollie Darling, living in sin as *Irene Burroughs* and *Michael O'Hara*, made it seem as respectable and boring as marriage. Lloyd, appearing a bit lonely without his side-kick, By Ford, did a smooth and convincing bit of acting, as always. Mollie has done better things. She rushed at her lines too often. She moves well, however.

Alphonse Elsen, Andre French, Rosalind Reed, John Wachtel and Catherine Quinn held up their end of the business satisfactorily. Sets were effective and all the costumes worn by players were attractive and added to the general interest of the play—all, with the exception of the butler's costume. Even on a Long Island estate it doesn't seem possible they'd dress their servants in brass buttons and tails. —M. W.

+ + +

Steiner Lecturer Here Monday

Dr. Frederick Heibel, a lecturer from the Goetheanum in Dornach, Switzerland, and at present a member of the faculty of the Rudolph Steiner School in New York City, arrives in Carmel Monday to conduct a series of afternoon lectures and two evening lectures.

Dr. Hiebel is the author of six books on poetry, drama, essay, history and philology. His lectures here will be in a condensed form. He is doing in five lectures here what he did in a series of 12 in New York City last winter where he had a class of 55 students. They are on the Beauty and Wisdom of the Ancient Greek History, Art and Language, and will be given from Tuesday, July 23, through Friday, July 26, at 2 p.m. at the Morgan Rest Cottage on Carmelo just south of Ocean avenue.

Dr. Hiebel's two evening lectures on Tuesday and Thursday will be given at Leota Tucker's Studio at Seventh and Monte Verde and will be on the "Rudolph Steiner School and the Problems of Our Generation," and on "Shakespeare and the Light of the New Ego Consciousness." The evening lectures will be at 7:30 p.m.

The opportunity of hearing this fine series of lectures is made available through the efforts of the Rudolph Steiner Reading Group in Carmel. They are open to the public with a small door charge.

+ + +

MILLER STEWART BUYS RUTH YOUNG STORE

Miller Stewart, popular agent for both the San Francisco *Chronicle* and the *Examiner* over the past three years, has bought the News Nook on Ocean avenue, next to the library, from Ruth Young and will take possession next Tuesday. Stewart is still the *Examiner* agent and will make the store *Examiner* headquarters. In addition he will handle all other newspapers and magazines, cigars, tobacco and soft drinks.

+ + +

SPHINX CLUB ELECTS NEW OFFICERS

The Sphinx Club has elected new officers. Bob Ralph is now president; Gordon Ewig, vice-president; Pat Graham, secretary; Arthur Strasburger, treasurer; and Toland Doud, publicity manager. The club is planning another of its highly-successful dances at the Mission Ranch Club the end of this month.

+ + +

The Cymbal is $1 a Year.

ROBERTA BALFOUR DIES

Roberta Balfour, Carmel artist and writer, whose non-professional name was Mrs. Anna Roberta Balfour Lazier, died a week ago last Monday morning in a local hospital after a long illness. She was 67 years old, was born in Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, and came to Carmel more than 20 years ago. Her home was on Lincoln street at Seventh.

Besides her painting and writing, Mrs. Balfour was known for her singing and piano. She leaves a son, Julius A. Balfour of Oakland, a daughter, Mrs. Carola Hess of Hollywood, and a grandson, Craig Hess.

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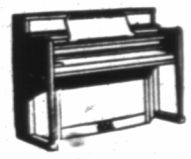

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ROBLES DEL RIO LODGE

Personalities & Personals

Visiting Mrs. Smith Midkiff is Genevieve De Vall, eurythmist from San Francisco, who talked to the Steiner Group on eurythmy one morning last week at Mrs. Midkiff's house. Miss De Vall learned about eurythmy at the Goetheanum in Dornich, Switzerland, and did solo work with that group at the Paris Exposition two years ago.

+

Mrs. Marshall Bond and small daughter Janie came down from Westhaven last Saturday to spend the summer with Mrs. Bond's mother, Mrs. M. G. Burritt. Mr. Bond will join them week-ends when he can get away from business.

+

We saw no hide of William Hyde Irwin, nor hair, only a little card lying so lonely on our desk when we arrived bright and early Monday morning. It had lain there over the week-end. Ah, me, indeed!

+

There were six tables of bridge going great guns at the Mission Ranch Club Monday night and Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Peirce of Salinas got the highest score. Mrs. John Thompson and John's nephew, Walter Thompson, were second, with Mrs. Ray Brownell and Cyril George having to be content with a third.

+

Try a tureen of thick green pea soup with little sausages floating around on it the next time you have a number of people to feed in an informal way. That's what Gay Kuster did Sunday for the cast of "Susan and God." They all sat around the living room fireplace. Hot meat rolls, beer, wine or coffee was added to the above and partaken of by Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Weer, Mr. and Mrs. Clay Otto, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lloyd, Mrs. Catherine Van Dyke, Miss Catherine Van Dyke and Henry Van Dyke, Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Pearson, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Nohring, Miss Edith Graham, Miss Ann Loos, Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Elsen, Arthur Van Horn, Mr. and Mrs. Andre French, Rosalind Reed, Felicia Reed, John Wachtel, Catherine Quinn, Louise Doud, Robert Clark, Muriel Hess, Joy Thompson and Shim Kuster.

+

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Tindale of Memphis, Tenn., are at La Playa. They are friends of Mr. and Mrs. Talbot Pearson, directors of the Memphis Little Theatre and associated for the summer with Edward Kuster in the Golden Bough School of Theatre. Mrs. Tindale has worked with the Memphis Little Theatre and spoke highly of the Pearsons whom everyone in Memphis likes very much indeed.

+

Dr. W. H. McCabe and Gene Ricketts left Tuesday afternoon for Visalia where they'll meet a Forest Ranger friend and pack into the Kern River for a fishing trip. They will be away two weeks.

+

Down for the summer from San Francisco are Mrs. Lucius Norris and her two sons, Westrick and Sharon. They have a new home here on Twelfth near Carmelo. The boys are cousins of Louise Doud and were very much on hand to see her play *Blossom* in "Susan and God."

+

Kit Whitman spent Monday at Mills College lunching with Dr. Aurelia Henry Reinhardt, talking Art Institute with Roy Partridge who heads the art department at Mills, and bumping headlong into Jose Limon who is teaching dancing there this year. He came to Carmel with the Doris Humphrey-Charles Weidman group a year ago last April. Marian Van Tuyl, by the way, has just married a Chicago doctor but is continuing her dance classes at Mills.

+

All is quiet again at the J. O. Greenans and Mrs. Greenan with the Red, White and Blue Ball successfully accomplished, can take time out to look at her garden. Guests have been filling this huge and hospitable house since well before the Fourth. Last to leave was George Kerr who went up to San Francisco on the train Tuesday. Jim Greenan drove up the day before with E. A. Julian and Sarah Palfrey Fabyan. He and Mr. Kerr may be back again this week-end, however.

+

Mrs. F. J. Grace of the Grace Steamship Co. was a guest at Robles Del Rio Lodge for ten days and returned to San Francisco this week. With her was Mrs. E. Goodwin.

+

Last Saturday's barbecue at Robles Del Rio Lodge proved altogether too popular so if anyone expects to get in on this Saturday's don't plan on surprising them. You'll be disappointed if you do.

+

Mabel Stoddard is in charge of Allen Knight's Carmel Music Shop in Sun Dial Court on Monte Verde street. She began her new duties Wednesday of this week and will be there each weekday from 10 a.m. until noon, and from 1 p.m. until 5 p.m.

+

Mrs. N. C. Holdridge, the former Vivian Ogden and sister of Terry Ogden who does such elegant camera portraits, is prolonging her visit here and being no end of help to Terry in his studio. Mrs. Holdridge came out from Chicago last June with her husband, but he had to return to business as is often the way with husbands. Mrs. Holdridge is staying with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Martin Ogden of Hartford, Conn., who seem to have completely deserted that city for Carmel.

+

"Billie" McConnell, whom we all know through the work she has done in directing dance groups for First Theater productions, was married Monday morning in the Royal Presidio Chapel, Monterey, to Thomas Watson of Salinas. Next week they'll be living in a Salinas apartment at 9 Winham street and the new Mrs. Watson plans to continue her dance studios in both Salinas and Monterey.

+

Dr. James E. Crowther, pastor of Carmel Community Church, addressed the leading Methodist ministers and laymen from the states west of the Rocky Mountains at a banquet held in the Western Woman's Club in San Francisco recently. His theme was: "Wake Up! It's Morning!"

+

Ed and Helen Muhs were week-end visitors at *Thormond*, Hatton Fields home of Robert Emmett O'Brien. Mr. and Mrs. Muhs hail from Redwood City. Right now Helen is in the middle of assorting and arranging the mass of material she has gathered together for *Sunset* magazine's booklet, "California Host and Hostess," which will be published in the fall and which Mrs. Muhs is editing.

+

Charlie and Cecily Sayers are back after a pleasant holiday up in Oregon. They drove up in the redoubtable *Phoebe* who behaved like a lamb. Charlie's children, Dick and Jeannie, were taken up and deposited at a friend's ranch where they rode horseback each day while their father and Cecily visited Dr. and Mrs. Albert Davis at Crescent Lake.

+

Mr. and Mrs. Whittier Wellman, newcomers to Carmel Highlands where they've bought the Jules Flobert house on Devon Heights, entertained last Saturday night with a buffet dinner. Their guests included Mr. and Mrs. Bert Dienelt, Mrs. F. R. Musser, Mrs. Mrs. F. R. Musser, Lucy Marsh Wyckoff, Miss Katherine Hayes, Mrs. Millicent Sears, Damo Vuletich and Mrs. James Glaser. Whit Wellman is a writer and he's come down from San Francisco with his attractive wife to do some very serious writing.

+

Remo and Virginia Scardigli, without whom no Bach Festival would be complete, came down Sunday by "way of China," which means they left San Francisco at 10 a.m., and didn't arrive in Carmel until 4:30 p.m. They stopped to say "hello" to Bill Irwin in Brookdale, too. Remo and Virginia are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Flanders. They were with the Flanders at the Red, White and Blue Ball Sunday night. It's like old times, having them around again.

+

Mrs. Florence Sharon Brown and her daughter, Willette Allen, are at the Perry-Mansfield Camp, Steamboat Springs, Col., where Mrs. Brown is a Ranch Camp guest and Miss Allen is continuing her work in dance and studying drama with Charlotte Perry, director of the Perry-Mansfield Theatre Workshop. It was in the Boke cottage in Carmel that Charlotte Perry and Portia Mansfield established their first winter school of drama and dance.

+

Home after an inspiring ten-day meeting of the sixth annual Institute of International Relations at Mills College are Prof. and Mrs. Karl G. Rendtorff, the Rev Mr. and Mrs. Carel J. Hulsewé, Dr. and Mrs. Walter Lehmann, Miss Agnes Williston, Mrs. Nellie G. Leyman, Miss Celia Seymour, Miss Eva Peck, Miss Rosalind Reed, Miss Edna Owings, Mrs. T. M. Criley, Miss Emily Pitkin, Miss Betty Augur, Miss Martha Millis, Mrs. Vera Peck Millis and Martin Flavin, Jr.

Most of the speakers asked for mercy and tolerance in settlement of war claims and in reconstruction, for they have all pointed out that it was the stifling of a democratic spirit in Germany after the last war which led to current conditions. "America by her example must keep the hope of justice burning in the heart of man," one of the speakers declared.

All of the speakers stressed the fact that the United States has a great social responsibility and that this country cannot remain isolated in a world drawn close together by quick transportation and communication.

+

Miss Florence M. Hopkins of Dayton, Ohio, art teacher in that city, has come to Carmel for the summer to paint at the Carmel Art Institute.

+

Mrs. Dean Arnold and her three children are occupying their Carmel Point house for the summer. Two of the children are in Elizabeth White's class at the Carmel Art Institute.

+

Lydia Wood, granddaughter of the Los Gatos poet, Charles Erskine Scott Wood, was married June 28 in Portland to Dean Kendall, Stanford alumnus. The bride, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Erskine Wood, attended Stanford where she was affiliated with Kappa Alpha Theta.

+

Sue Clark, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kent W. Clark of San Antonio street, will be married in September to Lieut. Charles William Watson of the Presidio of Monterey. The engagement was announced by her parents two weeks ago.

Sue is a Sunset School graudate and attended the Sarah Dix Hamlin school in San Francisco. Her high school days were spent at Strathcona Lodge on Shannigan Lake, Vancouver Island, B.C. She is the granddaughter of Mrs. Ira Miller of Hartford, Conn., and the sister of Kent Wadsworth Clark, Jr., an officer in the merchant marine.

Lieut. Watson was graduated with the class of 1938 at West Point. He is the son of Col. Charles Moore Watson, Medical Corps, and Mrs. Watson. Col. Watson is stationed at Governor's Island, N.Y.

+

Back from Hollywood last week with the comforting knowledge that "Philadelphia Story" can be dismissed from his mind and that the anticipated trip to Mexico with

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Mrs. Stewart had a fair chance of becoming an actuality, Donald Ogden Stewart, looking a bit haggard after the rigors of his most recent effort, managed to turn a couple of shades paler upon receiving word that he was wanted in Hollywood immediately to begin writing the scenario for "The Road to Rome" starring Spencer Tracy and Myrna Loy. "It will be an excellent play to do right now—good propaaganda," sighed Stewart, "and it's too good a chance to turn down."

+

Hilary Belloc has an article in the current *Vogue* on P. G. Wodehouse — classical scholar. Belloc sings Wodehouse's praise in a pleasant manner. It makes nice reading under one of Lew Kramer's dryers. We personally vouch for it.

+

An old friend of 15 years standing came up last week-end from Los Angeles to visit Loa Lloyd. She and Randolph Valensi met first in Paris where Loa was living at the time. An executive of the Tropical Chemical Co., that brings sudden death for aphis from South America, Randy also knows practically everything there is to know about a rhumba and a tango. There was little wax left on the Lloyd floors by the time the week-end was over.

+

A personable gentleman and one of most considerable importance in Hollywood dropped into THE CYMBAL office last week. He is Oliver Hinsdell of the Oliver Hinsdell Studio of Dramatic Art. He trains people for the movies and has had eminent success doing it. It was intensely interesting to hear tell how he takes groups right through from the start, trains them, films them, produces a play with them, voice and all. It was Hinsdell who took a group from Hollywood to New York three different years and won the Belasco prize for dramatic art each time. It was also Hinsdell for whom the people of Dallas, Texas, built a $150,000 theater when he was doing little theater work there.

+

Among the many electric people who have supercharged the Festival this year is Mrs. Dorothy Huttenbach, Madame Ehlers' personal representative and a member of the staff of *Musical America*. Mrs. Huttenbach has just come from the London office of her journal and will manage many of the European musicians who must now come to America for freedom to worship their gods.

She has fallen in love with Carmel and feels a great sense of hope in such an enterprise as our Festival; hope that we may continue through it all to give refuge.

+

Mrs. Howard Timbers and her two daughters, Carol Louise and Patricia, are up in Yosemite this week.

+

The George Colemans, who were in the Mercer house at Pebble Beach last year, are in it again this.

+

The Damon Wacks, well known in San Francisco polo circles, are at Pebble Beach for the summer.

+

Because "Pete" has just completed what is practically the best barbecue pit in Hatton Fields it seemed logical that immediate use should be put to it, so Mrs. Martin J. Peterson decided that a luncheon for Mrs. W. Ray Moore, who is just completing her second term as president of the Carmel Legion Auxiliary, would be in order. The affair took place July 10 at noon and among those present were Mrs. Moore, Mrs. Rush Wallace, Mrs. Gerald Totten, Mrs. C. G. Lawrence, Mrs. Mary Despard, Mrs. Markham Johnston, Mrs. Lee Gottfried, Mrs. Ed Ewig, Mrs. Fred McIndoe, Mrs. Conrad Imelman, Mrs. Fred Goss, Mrs. J. B. McCarthy and Mrs. Peter Elliott.

+

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Barnett of Denver, Col., will be in the Monteagle house at Pebble Beach for the month of August.

+

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Trevvett leave Monday, July 29, on their annual trip to Victoria. They'll be away a month or more.

+

Frank Townsend has signed up for the Citizen's Military Training course and is at Fort Ord. They've leased their house for the summer to Mr. and Mrs. William Sistrom of Hollywood and their three children, and Ruth, Charlotte and Honey have moved into the little house across the street.

+

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Whitman and little Paul motored up to Reno this week to visit the Carl Molls (Mrs. Whitman's brother) and they'll be home Sunday.

+

Mrs. Theo Rosenberg (Mrs. Muriel Marsh) is bringing the children down for the Salinas Rodeo this week-end from Oakland. They will stay with her parents, the Walter Snooks, as usual.

+

Wixwell Davenport, San Francisco artist, is in Carmel for the summer and working with the Paul Whitman class at the Art Institute.

+

Virginia Wheeler is in Chicago for the wedding of her cousin, Sally Greene, to Dr. Benton Mathews of San Francisco. Virginia is to be maid-of-honor at this wedding which takes place tomorrow. Afterwards, she will journey on farther east to visit friends and relatives and the date of her return is indefinite.

Miss Greene was a student at Mills College last winter and visited the Wheeler family at Pebble Beach last fall and several times during the school year.

+

Eight-year-old Harriet Hill, who has been visiting her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. P. Hill of *Hills Corners* all summer, is returning to her home in Aberdeen, Wash., with her father, Paul Hill, who came down expressly for that purpose.

+

Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Castle of Chicago, with their twin daughters, Josephine and Caroline, whom you can't tell apart, are at Del Monte Lodge and will be there for about three weeks. This makes the third successive summer at the Lodge for the Castles.

+

Gerald Bevin of Los Angeles, a week-end visitor at the Mission Ranch Club where he visited friends both there and in Carmel, flew to Detroit and Chicago the first part of the week and will return in time to spend this week-end at the Club again.

+

Mr. and Mrs. John F. O'Brien of San Francisco, their daughter and a friend, were also week-end vistors at the Mission Ranch Club doing considerable horseback riding

+

Last Sunday 42 members of the Monterey Peninsula Business and Professional Women's club met for a barbecue at—guess where—played tennis, badminton and swam beforehand, and worked up a fine appetite for sizzling steaks. Emma L. Andrews, chairman of health and recreation, was in charge.

+

The Zenos L. Potters are in a high state of excitement because they've begun to build the house up on their La Loma Terrace property that they've been thinking of building for almost a year.

+

Tirey Ford's first passenger in his new Fairchild was Kit Whitman who flew up to San Francisco Monday, dashed over to Mills College to have luncheon with Dr. Aurelia Reinhardt, and came home that same night by bus. Roi Partridge, chairman of art at Mills, was at the luncheon too. He's much interested in the Carmel Art Institute. Kit also bumped into Jose Limon who was in Carmel a year ago last April with the Humphrey-Weidman dance group. Marion Van Tuyl, who brought her dance group to Carmel last April, has just married a Chicago doctor, but is continuing as dance director at Mills.

+

The Bach Festival artists have been entertained around and about this week between rehearsals and concerts. Tilly Polak was hostess to them Tuesday evening. It was an informal supper served after the evening's performance. Noel Sullivan's luncheon Wednesday was a beautifully-informal affair with the guests sitting around on the lawn eating individual chicken pies, salad and coffee. Perhaps the hit of the entire party was the six new dachshund pups, or it may have been the impromptu concert that the artists gave afterwards in the reception room.

Millicent Sears gave a small tea Wednesday afternoon with Ralph Linsley as the honored guest. He is a lifelong friend of hers. Mrs. Whit Wellman poured. Mrs. Sears' big party, however, was given after the Thursday night concert. She entertained about 50 of the Bach Festival artists and personnel this time.

+

A buffet supper and cards for a group of intimates was held at the Peter Elliotts' last Saturday night. There to enjoy it were Mr. and Mrs. John Abernethy, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Vidoroni, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ferguson, Mr. and Mrs. Chester Hare, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Marron, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wilkinson, Dr. and Mrs. Winton Swengel, Mrs. Alice Berthold, Dr. Clinton Tawse, Mr. and Mrs. O. W. Irwin and Mr. and Mrs. Lansing Bailey.

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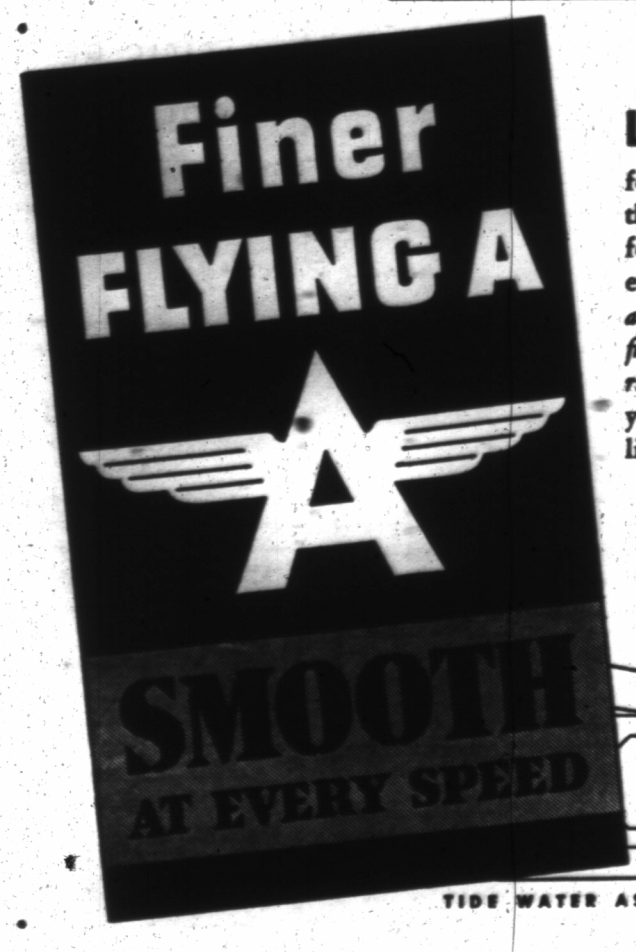

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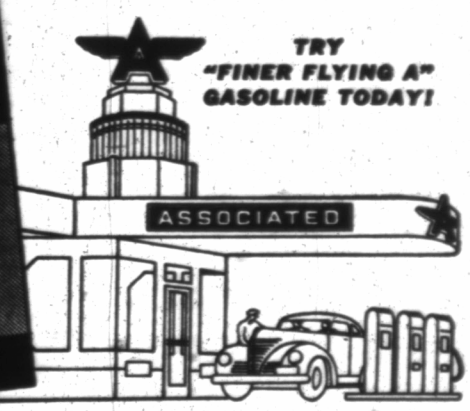

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We hear that:

The Carmel Valley Red Cross Surgical Unit got off to a fine start last Monday. Twenty-four volunteer workers were there on time, and in uniform. Under the direction of Mrs. Paul R. Isenberg, of Carmel, they turned out an astonishing number of surgical 4 x 4 swabs, and if the enthusiasm keeps up to this pace the Valley Unit will be well toward the top of the list in production quota.

Mrs. Isenberg will be the permanent instructor, having taken the prescribed course at the Pacific Red Cross Headquarters.

Those who attended on opening day were Mrs. Laura Duarte, Mrs. Thomas Krygell, Mrs. Bill Whitney, Miss Adelaide Gould, Mrs. Dora Little, Mrs. Paul Haaren, Miss Madeleine Bonnet, Miss Ruth Jensen, Mrs. Alma G. Handley, Mrs. Duncan Murray, Mrs. S. C. Fertig, Mrs. Gladys Younkin, Mrs. E. G. Clay, Mrs. Howard Ernst, Mrs. Lawrence W. McIntosh, Mrs. Lloyd Tevis, Mrs. Frank Porter, Miss Mary Eyre, Miss Elizabeth Tener, Mrs. John O'Shea, Mrs. Elsbeth Frellson, Mrs. Susan Fae Hatch and Mrs. Ann Stevenson.

+

Mickey and Bob Palmer and their two very charming daughters, Sue and Nancy, plan to return to San Francisco the first part of next week. Bob finally got *Hector* together, shoved "him" down the hil to the side of the road, where "he" sits with a beautiful new coat of red paint. While *Hector* still runs, Mickey is taking her husband back to San Francisco for fear he will tear the engine out again and leave a fine mess for Tony and Jinga to come home to.

The Lawrences are still in Seattle and Jinga is going slightly nuts because reports have it that the *Countess Concepcion* is out on another bat. Since her family are now capable of catching their own mice, the *Countess* has thrown responsibility to the winds and has been making very bold overtures to a number of gentlemen, including *Mr. Riley*. Jinga writes: "Dear *Countess*: Please! No more kittens!" (Chances are that the *Countess* will find night-life in Robles a bit dull and will come home for her next confinement.)

+

Casey Brown of Rancho Carmelo took an impromptu trip to Jamesburg very early last Sunday morning to visit his friend Tom Scott, but after the dance Saturday night at the Farm Center, the boys were sleeping and not to be disturbed by early morning visitors, so Casey went back to the ranch and spent Sunday shoeing horses and fighting flies. Casey is not so sure he cares for country life.

+

The counter at Rosie's looks as if the local sewing circle had moved in this week since all the men have gone over to Salinas to the Rodeo. Irene Baldwin, Maxine Olsen, Coralee Crystal, Grace Church, Frances Payne, Gertrude Algrava, all lined up for ice cream and hamburgers, with Marie doing double duty behind the counter and in the store. And all hoping and praying that their husbands come back with big prize money from the show.

+

Mrs. Ramona Jensen of Salinas gave a delightful party last Sunday at her Robles home, *La Casa de Ramona*, for the Salinas Y.L.I. and their escorts. Guests of honor were Angelo Rianda, Marie McKinnon and Tibs and Harry Frye. There were 60 guests in all.

+

Western Chivalry is not something found only in ten-cent magazines or at the flea-house movies. It is still a very real thing.

Four cow-hands from the Cooper ranch near San Diego were heading up the valley for the Russell ranch to see Ben Griffin last Friday night, when they saw a feminine figure standing in the middle of the road, frantically waving at them. They pulled up, thinking it must be a terrible accident.

When they discovered that it was one of the actors from the Gold Coast Troupers, trying to get in town in time for the opening performance of "Under the Gaslight" they turned their car around and took her in town at break-neck speed, got her there in time for curtain-up and waited around till the show was over. Then they bought auxiliary gas for her car, which was still standing by the side of the road with an empty tank, and saw her safely home.

+

Warning to Laurelles-tract residents:

It is no longer safe to leave your gate-keys in the George Wallace barrel by the gate. It may be tree-squirrels or trade-rats who take them, and no finger of suspicion is being pointed at any person or groups of persons, but the keys, even when they bear definite personal identification, disappear with annoying rapidity. (Finding your key gone in the middle of the night is especially upsetting.)

It will be inconvenient for your guests to have to wait on the road side until some member of your family can come up and open the gates, but in order to prevent the wholesale spread of keys it will be wiser not to leave them where they are a temptation to unscrupulous persons who desire access to the trace without invitation.

+

The Donahue girls have done some more adding onto their cottage, which will soon be out of the cottage class. A downstairs bedroom and dressing room, a new screen porch, a patio and a garden terrace have been completed. Next comes a new bridge. And are they enthusiastic about their place!

+

Calhouns had their ranch rodeo last Sunday with the aid of Monty Logan, Frank Logan, Bill Lambert, Joe Stewart and Tom Scott who were the ropers, and Porter and Bob Calhoun doing the mugging and branding, the work was finished in record time, and the rest of the day devoted to food and merriment.

—ELSBETH FRELLSON

New Books at the Library

"Empire on the Seven Seas" by J. T. Adams, which is a continuation of his "Building the British Empire," begins with the year 1783 and closes with June, 1939. From the title with its echo of Kipling to the solemn recessional at the close, this book is an eloquent tribute to the British world imperium, the overthrow of which, the author feels, would constitute an almost inconceivable catastrophe.

"A Foreign Policy for America" by C. A. Beard and "Isolated America" by R. L. Buell offer two points of view on the foreign relations of the United States. The latter also discusses the relationship between our critical domestic problems and the international situation. Both books are timely and written almost as of today's news.

"This Is on Me," the autobiography of the writer, Katharine Brush, is modernly dated in viewpoint and self-consciously flip, but always it is honest and full of good sense and good humor, and lucid as to how and why she became the popular author she is.

"The Strange Lives of One Man" is an autobiography of Ely Culbertson, who, long before he became an authority on bridge, led a fascinating life full Martha's Vineyard sea captain, to her of bizarre adventures sufficient for the lives of seven men.

"Reading with Children" by Anne T. Eaton, should be in the hands of all parents who wish to share with their children the joys and stimulation of reading.

"Forty Years a Country Preacher," the autobiography of G. B. Gilbert, is written with a genial zest for life: the same zest with which he cut his parishioners' hair, helped with their crops, preached to them on Sunday, and represented them in the state legislature.

"Canada: America's Problem," by John MacCormac, gives a bird's-eye view of Canada's social, economic, and racial problems in relation to the United States, in case of an allied defeat. Many readers will find astonishing information and gain quite a different point of view toward our neighbor.

"Why Europe Fights," by Walter Millis, presents a clear, readable summary of the causes of the present war since the signing of the Versailles Treaty in 1919. Those who read his previous book, "The Road to War," dealing with why America entered the earlier war in 1917, will be surprised by the author's change of attitude in this new book.

"The United States in World Affairs" continues the yearly commentary on foreign relations by the Council on Foreign Relations. "War Propaganda and the United States" gathers into one cover the more detailed views of the editors of the Institute for Propaganda Analysis. Radio listeners and newspaper readers will find it a stimulating antidote

"From off Island" by Mrs. D. C. Riggs takes the reader far from the flood of books on the present unsettled state of world affairs. It is the partly fictionized account of the early married life of the author's grandmother, carrying her from Australia, the wife of a struggle against the stigma of being "off island."

New fiction:—"Stars Still Shine" by L. Larrimore; "Stars on the Sea" by V. Mason; "Something Special" by F. Baldwin; and about 50 recent mysteries given to the Library by Mrs. Francis A. Carl.

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Would you like to hum these songs—together—and mean it this Summer? This can be YOU with laughter in your eyes and a song in your heart. And at every sundown you will feel perked-up because meal-times have not meant standing by a stove in a kitchen stuffy with the heat of a blazing sun!

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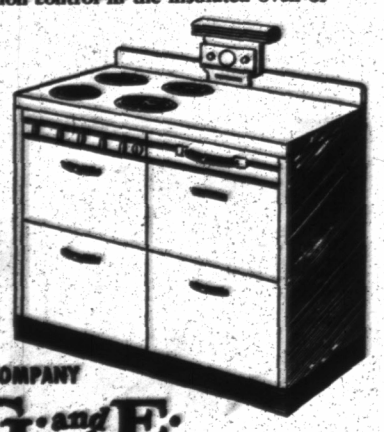

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Post Street at Jones

Carmel's 1940 Bach Festival Surpasses The Beautiful Ones of the Past

(Continued from Page One)

cated audience packing the auditorium, the distinction was amplified to great beauty; to the first intimation we have had that we have no cause to blush when we say the name of Salzburg and Munich and Bayreuth.

If added testimony were conceivably wanted, Dr. Asper has magnificently supplied it with his Wednesday organ recitals. If there are any who love the organ and have missed these, Dr. Asper gives his second recital this afternoon at 3 and again at 4.

Tomorrow night's program, you will remember, is piano night, with Reah Sadowski's great *Partita*, and the three-piano piece played by Sadowski, Linsley and Erlendson. The *Brandenburg Concerto No. 3* is also programmed and the *Phoebus and Pan Cantata*, which we all liked to much last year and which gives us a chance to hear practically the entire roster of soloists.

And the *B minor Mass* on Sunday. The 8 o'clock performance will be hooked up for broadcast, and there is a kind of excitement about that. To the numbers of the Mass sung last year, the fitting and glorious chorus, *Dona Nobis Pacem*, has been added.

Not since the first year or two of the Festival, when the boys and girls of the village gathered in the little gallery on Dolores street and held open rehearsals for the town to hear, has local excitement run so high. There has been, the past three years, a feeling amongst some, that, with the talent available here on the Peninsula, the Festival ought to remain an essentially community enterprise. It was never meant that way. The dream that Miss Denny and Miss Watrous have constantly held throughout was of an event national in scope. The terrible misfortunes of other peoples in the world are putting it on its way to become of universal importance. Something in the nature of fate herself, fleeing a Stuka bomber, has dropped some of her favorite children into our lap. It would not be possible now, even if we could be so foolish as to wish it, for us to stay on our sandpile feeding these children from our own hump.

So it is a most heartening thing that this year the doubters have vanished away. Neither sticks nor stones have done this, but the implacable dream itself.

And yet, in a most vital way, it will always belong to Carmel. All about us, we see the men and women who have stuck through its most uphill years, who have rehearsed long hours after the day's work; Dene and Hazel who put superhuman devotion and labor into it; Usigli who unravels the tangled threads of vision and makes it come true in our sight. The beauty of our town and the hospitality of our townspeople, the support of the grocer and the restaurateur, the happy concord of effort and faith that makes Carmel perhaps the most fit place in America for fate to leave her charges. I think if we could sum this up in a few words, they would be the simple and dignified words of Mr. C. W. Wentworth's advertisement in last week's CYMBAL: The Village Cobbler congratulates the personnel of the Sixth Annual Bach Festival. I would rather read those words than see a mountain move.

One thing is of uppermost importance now. We must keep Usigli. His is the sweat and passion, the blind relief. Neither can sticks and stones do this, but a like belief to his own. If any one man can stand up against the myriad little hatreds in uniform that will invade our shores more and more as the next lapse of time comes over us, it is a man like this. For where a few of these are gathered together, there is victory enough.

+ + +

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2-Year Tax Rate Fixed by Council

(Continued from Page One)

81 cents as previously noted.

Now, as to the saving:

At the rate of $1.25 the total taxes for the two years would be $2.50, wouldn't they?

Well, you are going to pay 82 cents this October and 81 cents next January, or before May 5. Then, on October, 1941, will come the first installment of taxes for the year 1942, and at the rate of $1.25 that installment will be 62 cents. Adding 82 and 81 and 62, the taxes you will pay during these two years total $2.25, or 25 cents less than you would have paid under the old system and at the regular $1.25 rate.

As the council breaks down the $1.63 tax levy the figures are as follows:

General fund, $1.30; Library, 27 cents; 1930 municipal bonds, 3 cents; 1936 municipal bonds, 3 cents. The library figure is based on last year's 18 cents from the taxes, but appears out of proportion because of an adjustment necessary due to the fact that the library has a July-June fiscal year.

The council's working budget (we call it this because Carmel has not an actual budget system—the council decides on a figure and tries to stick to it) calls for an expenditure of $72,460 out of this tax levy and from sources of income other than taxes. The $1.30 general fund tax will raise approximately $49,660 and from other sources of revenue an estimated $22,800 is figured.

As appears to be necessary the police department will use the largest amount of any department. In the budget the police requirement is placed at $17,205 for the period. The street department appropriation is $16,087.50.

LEGAL NOTICE

NOTICE OF INTENDED SALE AND TRANSFER OF STOCK IN TRADE, FIXTURES, ETC.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that Ruth Young, residing at Carmelo & 11th., Carmel, California, intends to sell and transfer to Miller M. Stewart, residing at Carpenter & 1st., Carmel, California, the following described property, towit: All stock in trade, fixtures, etc. of that general cigar, news-stand and tobacco business commonly known as News Nook, situate on north side of Ocean Avenue, between Dolores & Lincoln streets, Carmel, California. The merchandise consists of tobaccos of all kinds, cigars, cigarettes, candies, newspaper and magazines and contracts covering same, and shelving and counters common to cigar stand and other accessories and materials and stock common to general cigar and news-stands.

Said sale to be consummated on Tuesday, July 23rd., 1940, at 10 o'clock A.M. at the law office of George P. Ross, Las Tiendas Bldg., Carmel, California. The consideration or price to be paid at the time and place of sale.

Dated: July 15th. 1940

RUTH YOUNG
Vendor.

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THREE BEDROOM HOME NEAR TOWN. Beautiful marine view and sunny, secluded patio. Lot 80 x 100 ft. Being offered at a sacrifice for quick sale. For full information, call CARMEL INVESTMENT CO., Ocean Ave., Near P.O. Tel. 63. (3)

It's wonderful what a Cymbal Classified Ad will do.

SAN ANTONIO HOME—Very close to the beach. Attractive 2-story stucco home with 2 nice bedrooms. Practically brand new. Modern and attractive in every respect. Partially furnished. Lot 40 x 100 ft. A real buy at $8500. Shown by appointment. CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Ave. Phone 66. (3)

BUY A HOME—One easy to rent for income, too. Tel. 449. Meet John H. Benson and arrange to see them now. (tf)

REAL BARGAIN. MUST SELL. Lot 4, Block 157, Guadalupe near Pico. Carmel Woods. See your agent or call Carmel 1268. (tf)

HATTON FIELDS HOME—In the better section where all the lots are larger. A good home with 2 bedrooms and 2 baths. Corner lot. Beautiful outlook and sunny. Very convenient to new high school. Lots across street priced at $4500 and $5000. Owner wants to sell so has priced at $10,500. CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Ave. Phone 66. (3)

REDWOOD COTTAGE for Quick Sale. $3250. Owner leaving town. Good location two blocks from ocean. Camino between Second and Fourth. Phone 194. (4)

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STUCCO HOME—In a fine residential section on lower Dolores. Very large livingroom, 3 bedrooms. 2 lots and on corner. Attractive garden and sunny patio. Central gas furnace. In fine condition. Vacant, ready to occupy. Easy walk to town and school. Priced to sell. This house can easily be leased as an income investment. CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Las Tiendas Bldg., Ocean Ave. Phone 66. (3)

LOTS ARE SELLING—In Beautiful Carmel Woods at the low prices of $550, $600, $650—over 50 lots with 60-ft., 65-ft., 70-ft. frontages to select from. Beautiful pines and oaks. Winding roads. Sunny and warm. Peaceful and quiet. Ideal location for a Carmel Home. Low monthly payments arranged to suit the convenience of the Buyer. Drive thru Carmel Woods today. See the attractive new homes. Select a lot for your own home. CARMEL REALTY CO., Ocean Ave., or SEE ANY CARMEL BROKER. (3)

Cymbal Classified Ads are powerful little things.

OUTSTANDING BARGAIN. 2 lots NE cor 4th & Torres to be sold at tremendous sacrifice for cash bu out of town owner. Make offer. Principals only. Address M. Berger, 401 Cochran Avenue, Los Angeles. (tf)

ROCK VENEER 3-bedroom house under construction just east of Carmel Mission. Insulated with Celotex. Central heat. Call Bensberg, Builder, Carmel 1543. (tf)

Cymbal Classified Ads are powerful little things.

5—HOUSES FOR RENT

HOUSE FOR LEASE, furnished, 3 bedrooms, 1½ baths. Modern. Clean. Floor furnace. Fireplace. View. Garden. Garage. Corner 7th and Forest Road (Carpenter to you). Call on Sunday. (3)

TWO ATTRACTIVE, 2-bedroom cottages available for remainder of summer. Good location. $85 per month. CARMEL INVESTMENT CO., Ocean Ave., Near P.O. Tel. 63. (3)

GUEST HOUSE, sunny, with private entrance. Double studio bed with innerspring mattress. Private bath with shower. Northwest corner of Mission and Vista. Available by the day, week or month. (tf)

SMALL COTTAGE close in. Suitable for 2 or 3 people. Also 2 rooms with bath. Private home. Call Mrs. Douglass, Carmel 707. (tf)

Cymbal Classified Ads go places, are seen by people and do the strangest things.

14—ROOMS FOR RENT

ROOM WITH PRIVATE entrance. Twin beds. By day, week or month. Reasonable. CARMEL INVESTMENT CO., Ocean Avenue, Near P.O. Tel. 63. (3)

44—WRITER'S SERVICE

READER AND EDITOR for studios and publishers offers criticism, revision. Reading fee $1—3000 words; book lengths $5—$10. Expert typing available. Jeannette Stephens, 230 Sixth St., Pacific Grove. Tel. Mont. 8940. (4)

CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS PULL

29—JOBS WANTED

YOUNG WOMAN, excellent driver, would like employment as driver and companion, office receptionist, doctor's assistant, etc. Free to travel. Write L-75, The Cymbal. (4)

20-TRANSPORTATION WANTED

TRANSPORTATION to Boston by woman with small Pekingese. Will share expenses of trip. Call Cymbal, 77. (tf)

17—FOR SALE

BEAUTIFUL COAT, white flannel, with peasant embroidery in colors. Worn only twice. Will sell for half price. Cymbal office, L-73 (tf)

24—LOST AND FOUND

DID YOU FIND a hand-wrought, 4½ foot long iron fork on one of the beaches at Carmel Point. If you did, the owner is awfully anxious to get it back. Bring it to The Cymbal office. (2)

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Auction To Aid Red Cross

Of all the causes to espouse in this world right now, the immediate one of giving aid to the homeless, destitute and hungry through the widespread and unfailing channels of the Red Cross concerns everyone of us. Most recent effort to raise another fund for this great organization is that being made by a group of Monterey Peninsula people who are planning an auction to be held in Sunset Auditorium Saturday, July 27.

Donations of articles for this affair are being solicited at the present time by Mrs. T. B. Wilson of Carmel Highlands, Mrs. Caroline Pickit of Peter Pan Lodge, Mrs. James Cooke of Carmel, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. La Porte of Pacific Grove Furniture Exchange and their two helpers, and Mrs. Teresa Lloyd, curator of the Pacific Grove Museum. La Porte will give his services as auctioneer.

According to Mrs. Wilson, people are leaping at the opportunity of sharing in this business of preserving our faith, life, liberty and right to the pursuit of happiness, even if all they are able to do is to give their favorite glass candlesticks, their heirloom china or a valuable picture. Such valuable donations are piling up so rapidly that even the sponsors of this auction are amazed, as their most sanguine hopes built up no such response as this. They want more things, however, so you might start thinking about it.

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Salinas Rodeo in Full Swing

Greatest of all California rodeos, the annual Salinas Rodeo opened yesterday and will continue through Sunday. The most famous riders and ropers in the game will come in from all over the country to compete in the bull riding, calf roping, steer roping, wild horse racing, bronco riding and similar events.

During the four-day event the annual horse fair will be held in conjunction with the rodeo activities. The finest of California horses and stock will be on display and there will be band concerts, horse and rodeo parades, a judging contest for the California Outdoor High School Girl title, and countless other attractions.

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RED CROSS WORKSHOP SHIPS MORE GARMENTS

Several cases of garments turned out in the Carmel workshop of the Red Cross, according to Dr. G. H. Taubles, head of the Carmel unit, were aboard the Red Cross "Mercy Ship" *McKeesport*, which docked at Marseilles, France, Wednesday. In the Carmel shipment were 35 complete layettes, 280 knitted sweaters, 225 women's and children's dresses, and dozens of socks, beanies, scarves, blankets, shawls and hospital gowns.

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"Dark Command" at Carmel Theatre Now; "Typhoon" Coming Sunday

JOHN WAYNE and WALTER PIDGEON in "Dark Command"

"Dark Command" is playing at the Carmel Theatre tonight and tomorrow. It's the story of Cantrell, the infamous raider whose exploits won for Kansas the epithet "Bloody Kansas." Walter Pidgeon re-creates this character, contributing an outstanding performance. John Wayne and Claire Trevor again demonstrate their qualifications as an unrivaled romantic team. Roy Rogers, young newcomer, will be long remembered in his role of *Fletch McCloud*, the southern aristocrat who falls under the influence of Cantrell. George Hayes and Porter Hall, with Marjorie Main and Raymond Walburn are in the supporting cast.

If you want to see jungle beasts stampede in fear ahead of a tropical fire; see a whole island leveled by a raging typhoon; see tidal wave after tidal wave following in the typhoon's wake; see the thrills of a submarine hunt for black pearls, and then, on top of all this, if you want to see Dorothy Lamour play the part of a jungle girl with Robert Preston as her castaway lover, go to this theatre Sunday, Monday or Tuesday. It's done in technicolor, too.

French War Relief Benefit, August 3 Offers Features to Sports Lovers

When you pay your two bits at the Mission Ranch Club Saturday afternoon, August 3, which is the day of the great French War Relief benefit, you'll be entitled to see a mixed doubles tennis exhibition between Elizabeth Ryan, Jerry Valencourt, Barbara Winslow and Byron De Mott, and an amateur rodeo which Nancy Weill is organizing with the aid of Douglas School girls. All this without extra charge.

Herbert Brownell is in charge of the evening barbecue which includes many things—even a sweet—besides the huge steak for your 75 cents. Most of the food has been donated.

Recent donations of articles to be raffled off are the paintings of M. De Neale Morgan and Ferdinand Burgdorff; champagne and Dubonnet from the City of Paris; a hand-painted waste basket from the White House, and a $5 taxi book from Joe's Taxi.

Tickets went on sale for the raffles yesterday at the Mission Cleaners on Ocean avenue and all the articles are on display. Ed Ewig came across handsomely when the committee was at a loss to know where to store its plunder, and he has given them the use of a room over the post office.

Mrs. Jean Julliard is in charge of the Wheel of Fortune and is donating about 16 dozen various kinds of canned goods from the warehouse of Juilliard-Cockroft & Co. The Junior Red Cross members are handling the tea which will be served during the afternoon.

Under the enthusiastic direction of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Low, the affair is being quickly whipped into shape and new ideas take actual form quicker than we can keep track of them. All doubts as to the ultimate destination of materials purchased for the French refugees has been dispelled since it is now known that the American Red Cross is responsible and nothing leaves its hands until it reaches the source for which it is intended.

SEAL OF APPROVAL

The National Gastronomical Society of Wise and Thrifty Shoppers herewith places the Seal of Approval—because of fine quality groceries, meats and vegetables at lowest prices—upon

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Ground Course in Flight Training Is Offered by Monterey Adult School

A 72-hour ground course in flight training was outlined by L. E. Wormley, principal of the Monterey Union Adult school, Monday night. The course begins July 22 at Monterey Union High school and ends October 4.

A number of flight scholarships will be awarded at the end of the course, depending upon the size of the class. The course is open to anyone on the Peninsula of either sex between the ages of 18 and 26, providing you are not a member of an institution of higher learning as this is a non-college program.

All those who compete in examination for flight scholarships after the ground course is over must first present a physical examination certificate signed by a physician and approved by the Civil Aeronautics Authority. Dr. Howard Clark at the Monterey Hospital is the local C.A.A. examining physician. A fee of $6 is charged for the physical examination but it will be refunded to students winning flight training. Other costs are the nominal one of a protractor, a set of dividers and a ruler for navigation problems. "Auditors," or those who want to sit in on the course but who do not wish to compete for scholarships—and the number of them permitted will again depend upon the size of the class—will be required to buy their three government textbooks, the cost being about $1. Competitors will be furnished books free.

The ground classes are set for Monday and Thursday evenings from 7:30 o'clock until 10 o'clock. Later on, the classes will meet three evenings a week. Monterey army reserve pilot, W. N. Dekker, will aid in the instructional work. You sign up for this course at the Monterey Chamber of Commerce or the Monterey Airport where the air lessons will be given.

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